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SEPTEMBER 15, 1965

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



PENN

COVER: Opening Vogue's Blue Book with a blue-ribbon winner—blowy boa of cerulean-blue silk ribbon clipped like petals . . . fluttering around bare shoulders. On one blue-ribboned shoulder—a shaggy chrysanthemum of diamonds, one perfect ruby glowing red in the centre. Flattering to any blue: pale autumn-tawny lipstick, Aube Dorée by Dr. Payot. Boa by Adolfo. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Hovland-Swanson; Neiman-Marcus. Clip by David Webb. Coiffure by Alfredo of Via Veneto.

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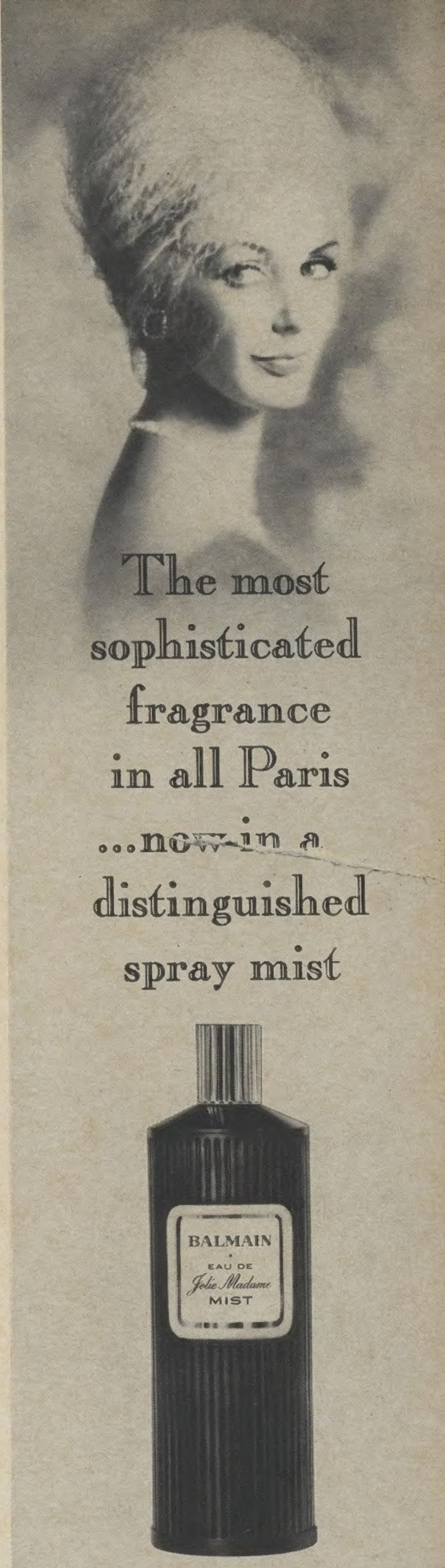
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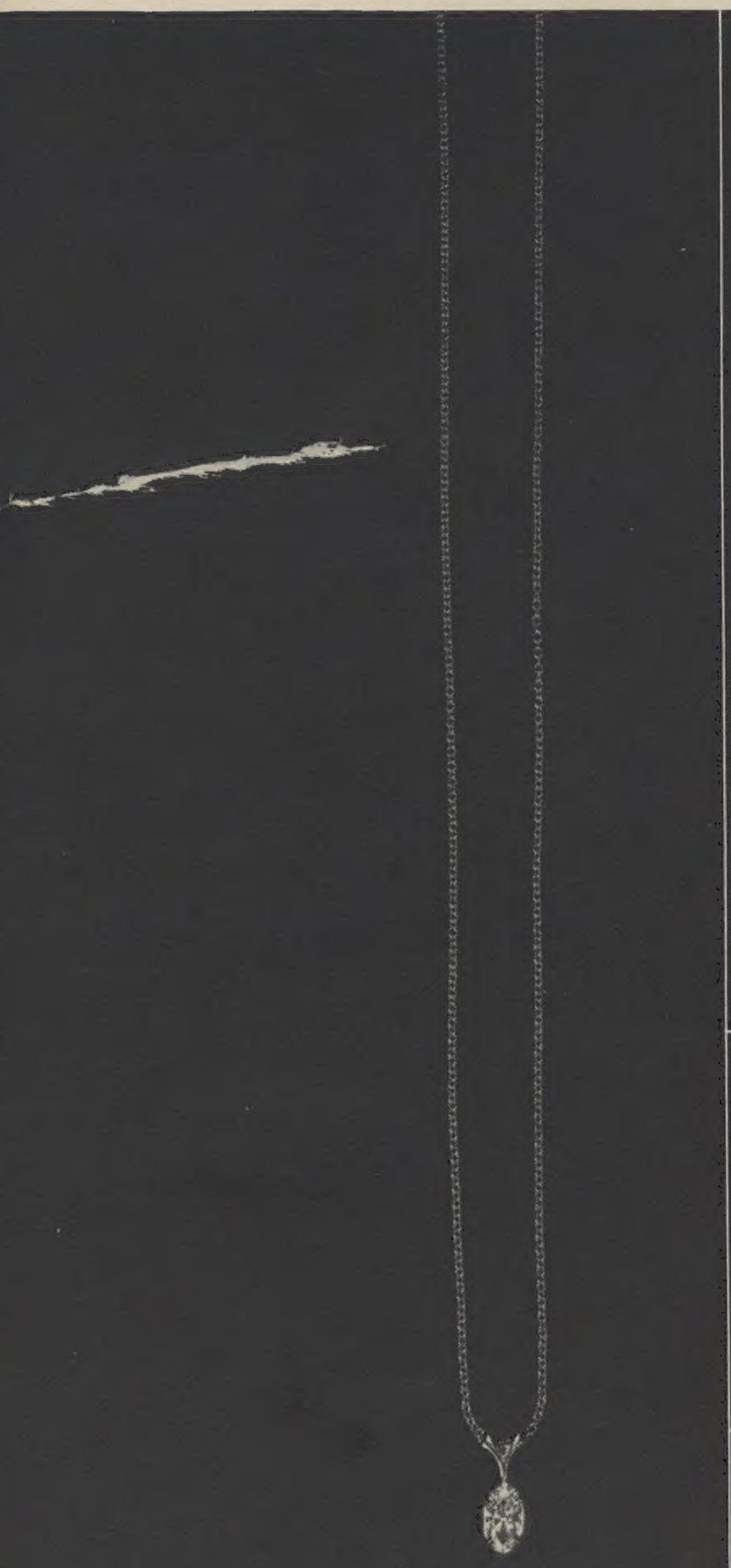


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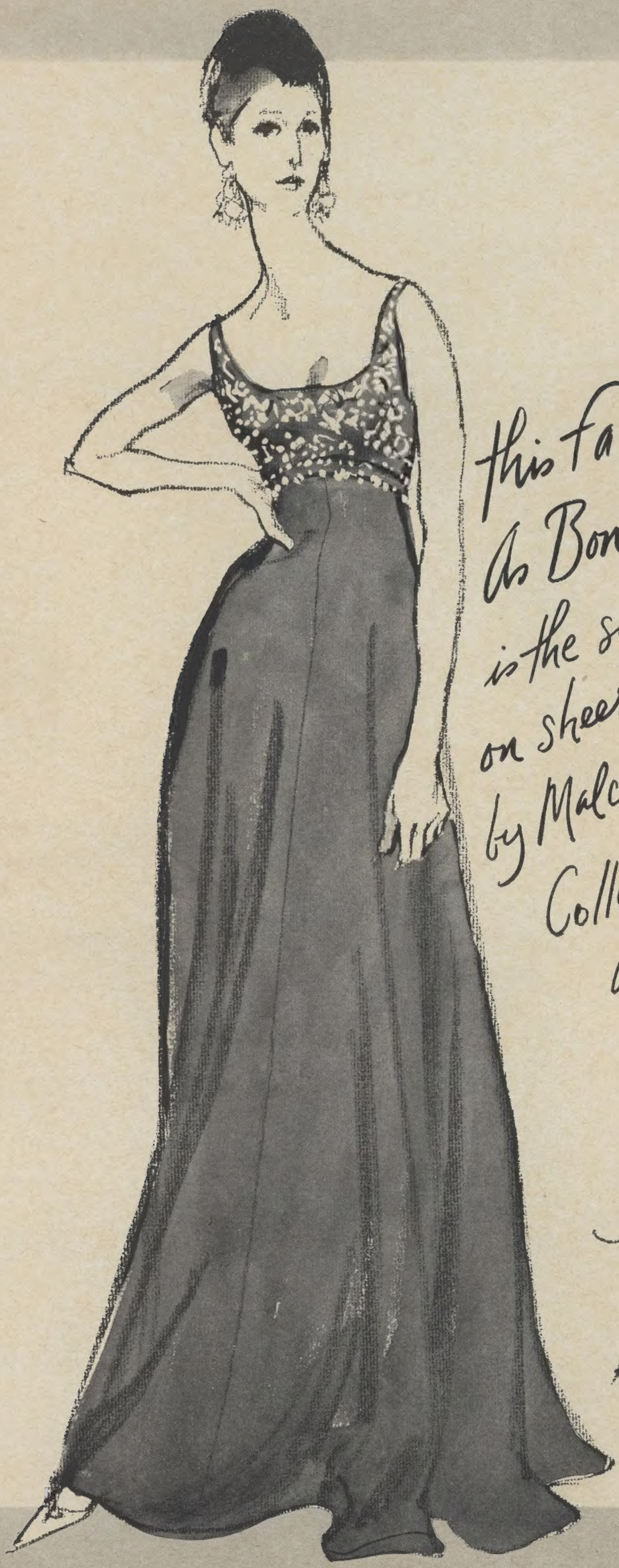








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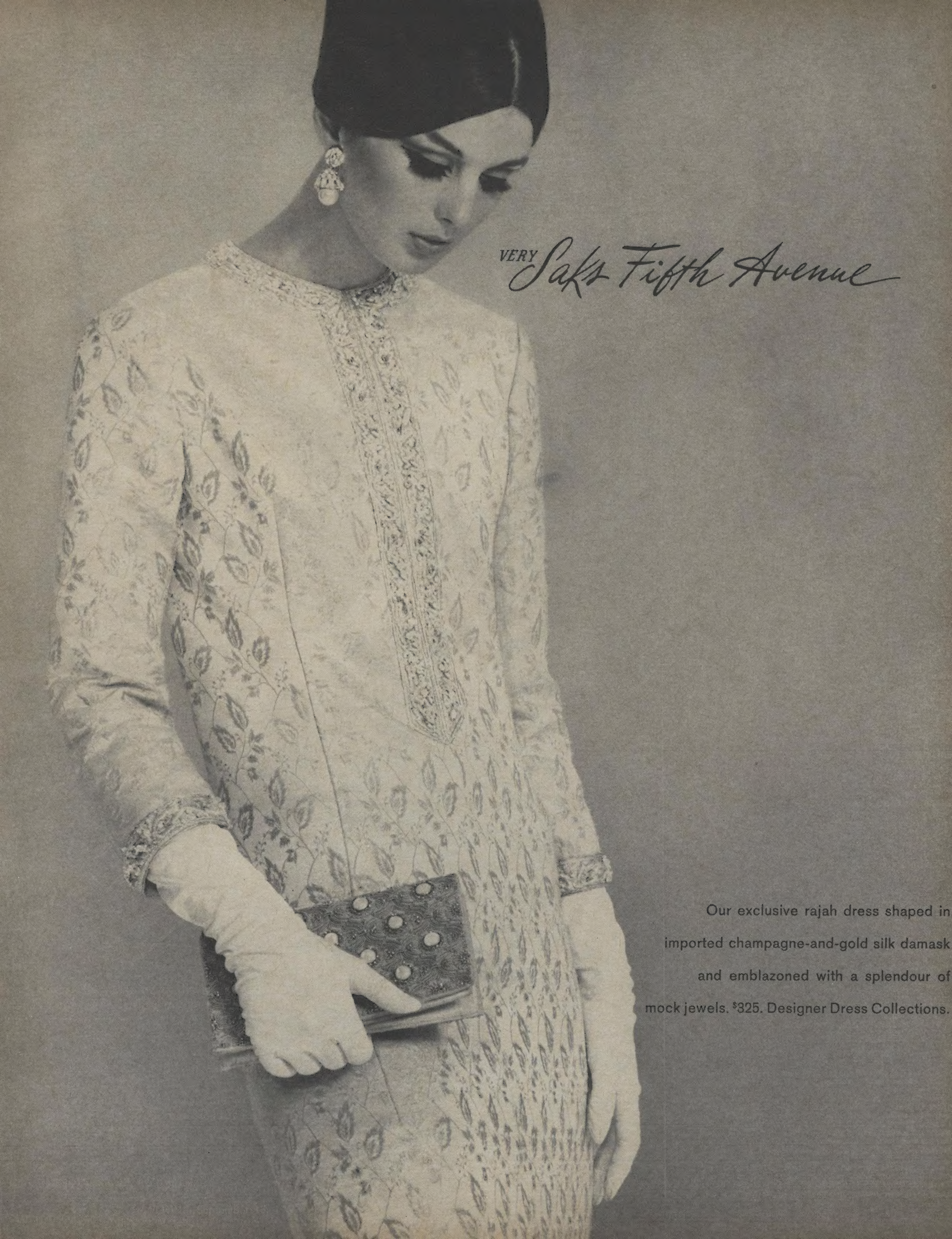
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dan millstein

NEW YORK PARIS

HAT: EMME

Fashion takes a longer look at this handsome new costume suit. Its opulent twill is woven of pure wool with natural ability to hold exacting tailoring. Sandalwood with pimento blouse. 6-16. About $145.

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Designed for us in Paris by ROGER VIVIER—
a full-blown white silk rose blooms on our exclusive black
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and small, shaped heel. $36. Shoe Collections.



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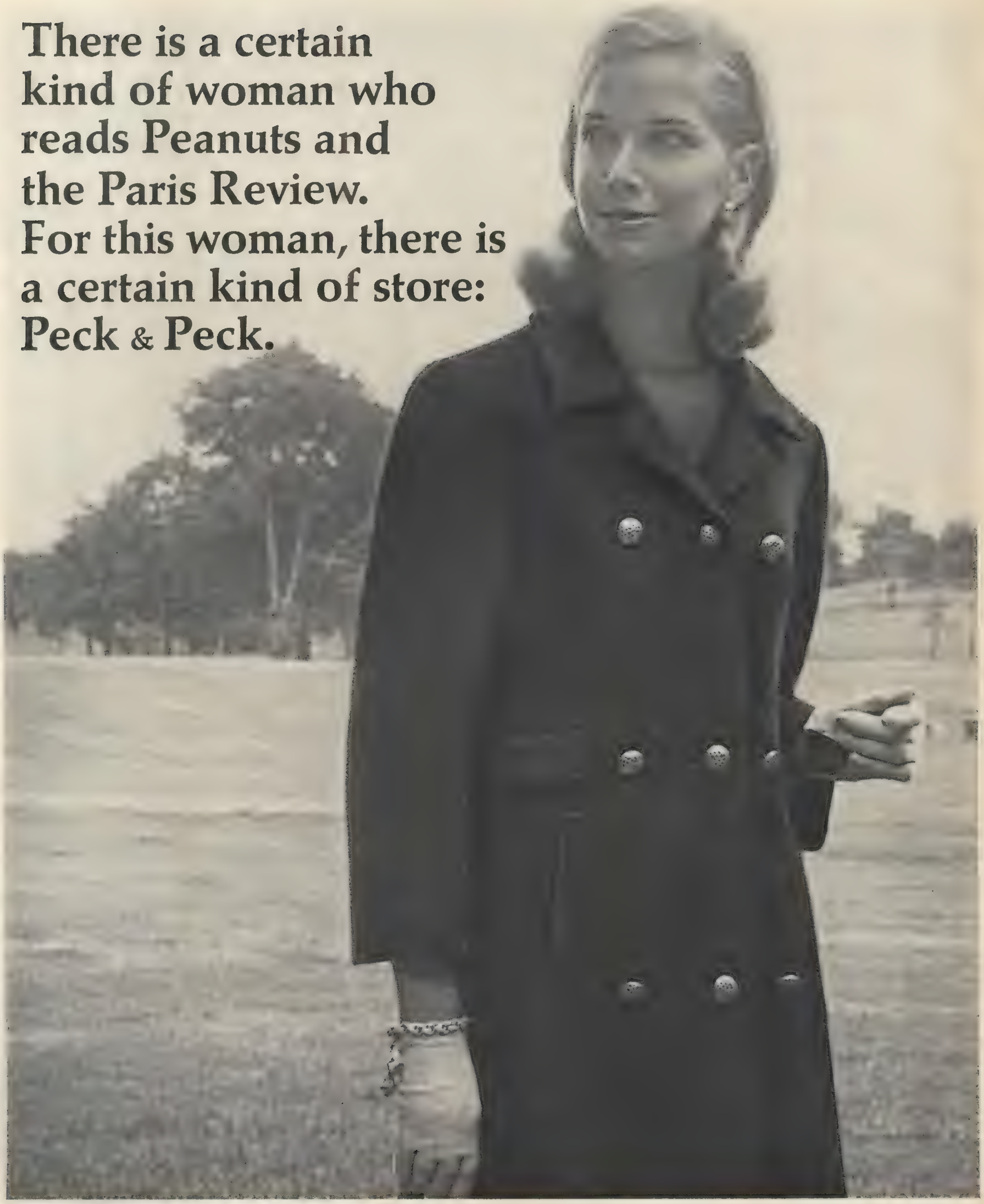
a new Intercontinental Look—

contemporary artistry in color created by *Alexandra de Markoff*

Modern maquillage dips into a global palette of hues and emerges with the international face of dramatic, definite color—a makeup that looks as beautifully right in London as in Buenos Aires, in Amsterdam as in New York. Bolder lipstick colors, more vivid eye colors, stronger contour rouge colors, all blended on a foundation of Countess Isserlyn No. 96½, a glowing new neutral beige, create a new mode of beauty that knows no national barriers and whose versatility allows each woman to express her own individuality. Cosmetic Collections.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

There is a certain kind of woman who reads Peanuts and the Paris Review. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.



A masterfully detailed coat of diagonally woven wool.
The waist is demi-fitted and back belted. Triple buttons add to the
unique styling of this wonderful Winter navy topper. 8 to 16, 110.00

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Most shoemakers consider such noble leather too luxurious for the soles of even the finest women's shoes.

But Selby believes it is precisely what these smart Selby tailored classics for fall *deserve*. So will you.

Top, Mellow; below, Roadster. About $19. Slightly higher in the West.

For name of nearest retailer, write Dept. V-9155-S, Selby Division of The United States Shoe Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio 45207.



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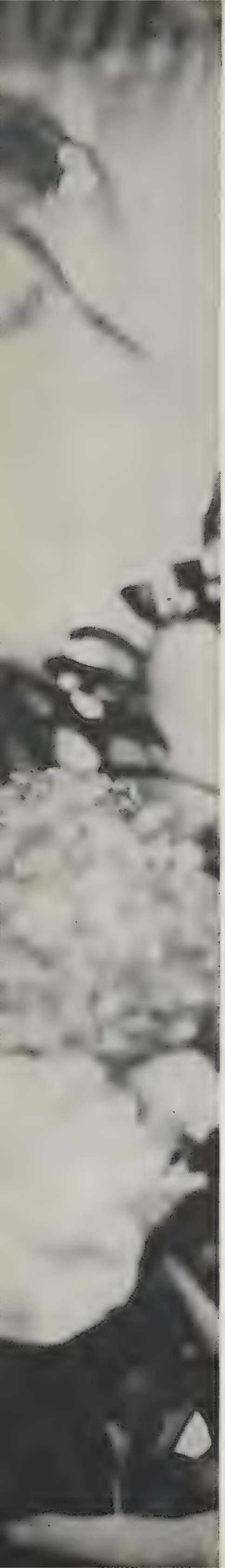


IF THESE WERE GENUINE DIAMONDS, YOU MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO WEAR THEM THIS FALL—AREN'T YOU GLAD THERE'S AN

Albert Weiss

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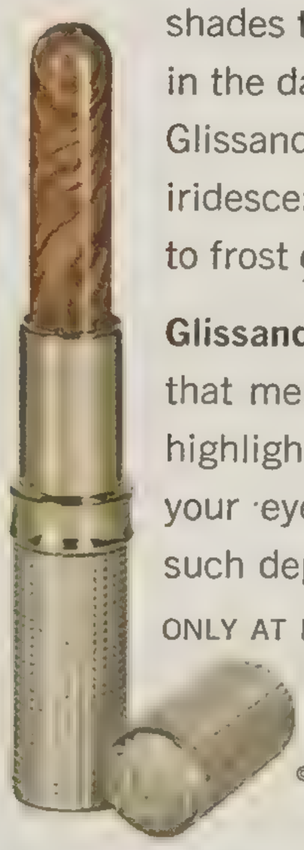


New makeup to contour with. It's easy to re-shape, re-make your face (like the models do) with an interplay of lights and shadows. Glissando Contouring Makeup blends your own basic skin tone with Highlighter and Shadower on your face (with a natural silk sponge). Then brush-tint with Glissando Contouring Dust-On, dual shades of blushing powder. And for an irresistible overglow, brush on Glissando Face Lights for subtle daytime shimmer or sponge on for dramatic evening radiance.



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Glissando Eye Color Stick. Separate colors that merge, converge . . . blend dazzling highlights and shimmering shadows on your eyelids. (Shadow alone never had such depth). 7 scintillating shades.

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Model wears Glissando Contouring Makeup in Rachel Beige with Highlighter and Shadower; Glissando Contouring Dust-On; Glissando Face Lights; Glissando Illuminated Lipstick Sepia #4; Glissando Eye Color Stick Taupe #5.

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Charles of the Ritz

Shimmering Beige Evenings: Malcolm Starr's inspiration in Celanese Acetate

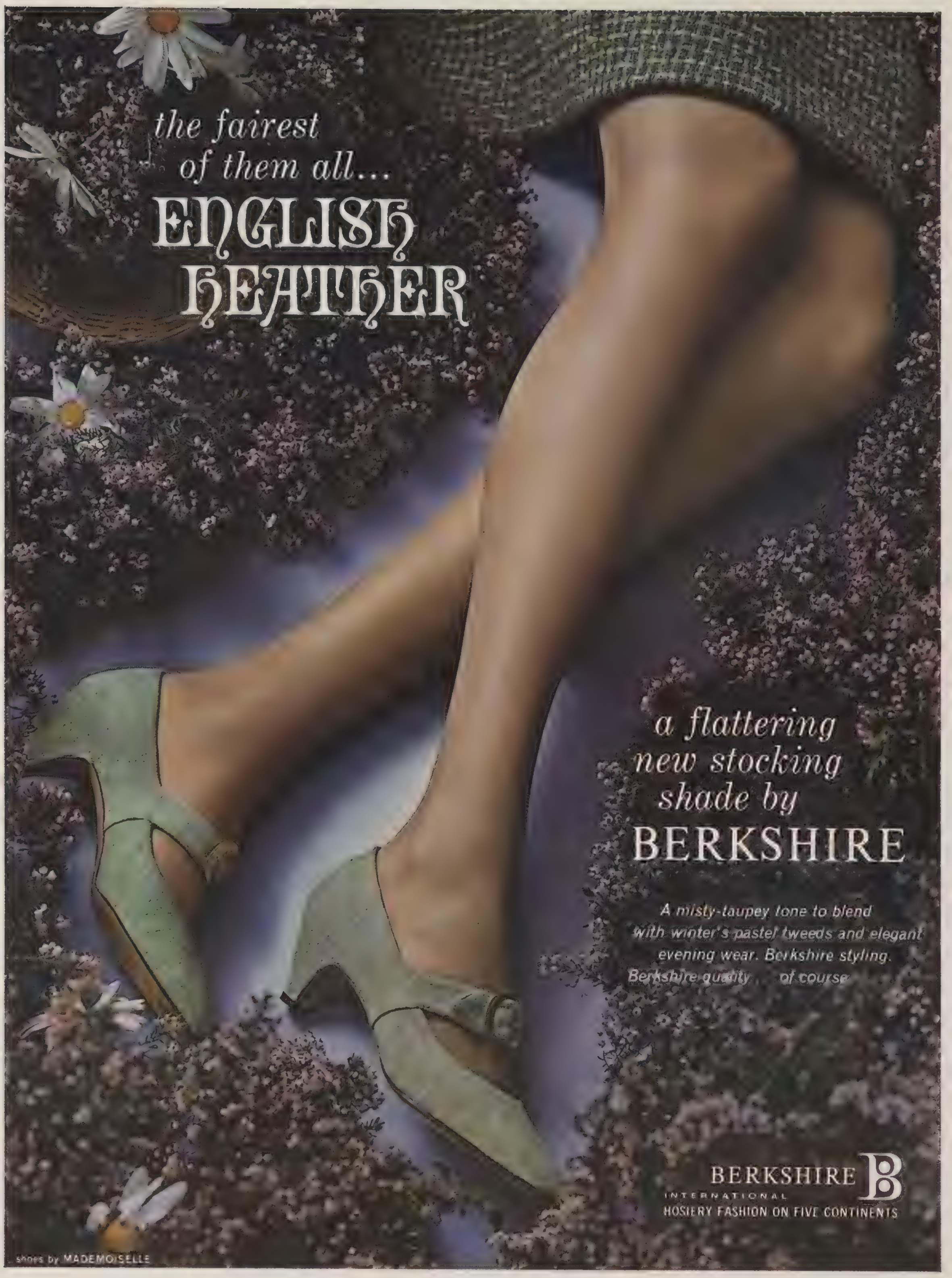
From the Celanese Opulent collections... the newest neutral, pale beige for evening... in twill satin and geometric brocade made lustrous with Celanese Acetate.
Left: The Late-Date Suit, all small sensational squares of luxurious brocade. About $200.
Center: The double-breasted look, in a two-part streak of bias-cut satin. About $145.
Right: The Rajah Costume, smooth satin coat buttoned over matching sleeve-free skimmer. About $235. All sizes 6 to 16.
Jeri brocade of Celanese Acetate, worsted, nylon.
Jeri twill satin of Celanese Acetate, cotton, nylon.

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For name of nearest retailer, write JOYCE, Inc., Dept. V-95-J, 3800 Pacific Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45207



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Sheer. Sheer! Sheer!
Nylon net and all softness.
The swan-diving bra
in the color to plunge with—
Powder Buff. Tiny tucks
under each cup uphold, mold.
Low U-shaped Rave back.

Only Formfit/Rogers has it: Our sheer Nylon Dress-Shaper bandeau with fluted undercups and jewel neckline...plunges back and front! Sizes: 32A to 38C in Powder Buff or White. Ask for Style 0596. $4.

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PICKING THE FAVORITE. Look for clothes that don't just have their day. Is the line and design a passing fancy, or will it have a long run, become a great favorite of yours?

HOW DOES IT GET AROUND? Quickly, can you think of six things you want to wear it to? If not, maybe you better not.

IN THE LONG RUN. For instance, this Rona ensemble is a pace and taste maker that doesn't fade in the stretch. It shops in town, lunches, has your hair done, then bares to a crepe top that goes on to dinner. Later in the season, its lack of bulk doesn't balk at going under a coat.

INVESTMENT DETAILS. New jacket fitting. New skirt shaping. Exclusive diagonal weave wool. The detailing of the top — something you expect only of $150 and up ensembles. This Rona about $50, in a Taupe, Blue-Blue or Green-Blue wool blend, sizes 8 to 18, at Franklin Simon, all stores; The Broadway, all stores; or write to Rona, 498 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. 10018.

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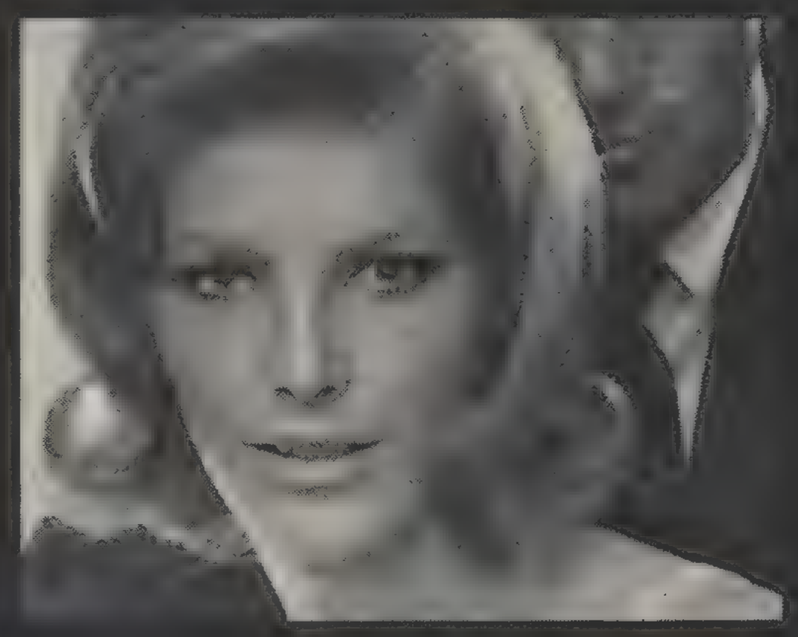
A woman will bathe in fragrant oils, splash herself with cologne, apply costly perfume to each pulse beat, and take infinite pains to get her hair just so.

Then what happens? She crinkles up her nose, and sprays each carefully placed strand with a hair spray that smells, at best, like something trying to hide the smell of hair spray.

That simply doesn't make sense.

Guerlain's new hair spray does.

It's not only splendidly scented, but you may choose from five of the great Guerlain fragrances; so that your choice will harmonize with your personality, your coloring, your mood, your ambiance, your perfume.



CHANT d'ARÔMES: a serene harmony of floral scents; light, vibrantly youthful, but never naive.

SHALIMAR: classic, speaking of exquisiteness, of opulence, and of love; the perfume of the great indoors.

MITSOUKO: sophisticated, smoldering; touched with mystery and unabashed magnificence.

L'HEURE BLEUE: when the sky has lost the sun, but not yet found the stars; elegant, almost meltingly tender.

VOL DE NUIT: exhilarating and sophisticated; as adventurous as a flight through a galaxy.

One more thing: Guerlain's Capillaque holds your hair softly; it's as inviting to the sense of touch as it is to the sense of smell.

Now, doesn't that make sense?

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The preferred colours of the Season...the preferred fit of every Season. The talked about DDDesigns in Cantrece* and sheerest nylons.

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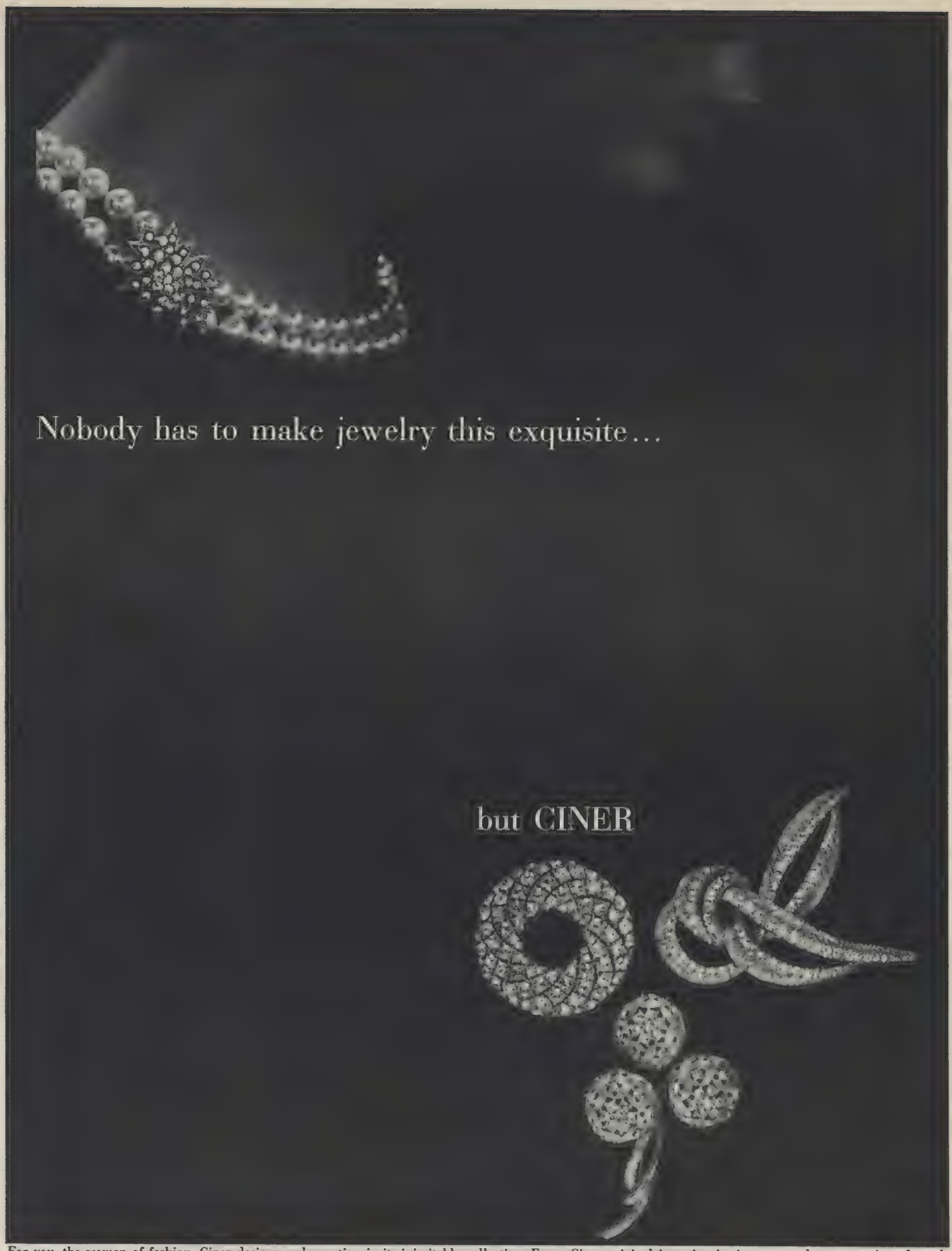
With the town coming down, how will your Highlander suede hold up?



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST HAT BY ADOLFO.

These days what isn't coming down, is going up and your suede coat is catching dirt and worse. At Highlander they screen thousands of skins to choose the youngest, most supple, then they give them the treatment. Tan and dye them a complicated, costly way that lets you give dirt the soft brush, wrinkles the shake. Erase away spots without harming skins. This mink muffled suede that looks fabulous now and will still look years from now. Truffle, Teak or Taupe, about 145.00, sizes 8 to 18 regular and 6 to 16 petite at Bloomingdale's, Dayton Co., Furchgotts, Rich's, Stix, Baer & Fuller, or for the name of one close at hand and a booklet on how to make suede-care no-care, write 1407 Broadway, New York 10018. **Highlander**


The Worldly Touch of
Gene Shelly
the three piece imported towner from
our MISS BOUTIQUE collection
Of rich 100% flat knit wool
tempered with sparkling flecks
of bugle beads, enhanced with
pure silk lining. In five seasonless
fashion shades. About $110.
Miss Boutique
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For you, the woman of fashion, Ciner designs each creation in its inimitable collection. Every Ciner original is an inspiration . . . so that your string of pearls and glittering rings and delicate pins are all mistaken (mischievous you!) for the real thing. From $10 to $100. Bonwit Teller, all stores; Sakowitz Bros., Houston; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; I. Magnin, West Coast; Gus Mayer, New Orleans; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, or write Ciner, 20 W. 37th St., N.Y.

Lingerie for fashion reasons

Black with a beautiful décolletage . . . and something blue



For the widest V-neckline: a long line of brassière in sheer black net, with black satin straps set wide on the shoulders. Stops smoothly 1½ inches above the waist . . . dips almost to the waist in back. By Surprise, of nylon net and Lycra. $10 at Saks Fifth Avenue.



For a dress with the deepest plunge: a long-line brassière with a décolletage to match—nude marquisette covered in black lace . . . cups rimmed in scrolled scallops . . . front stays and low stretch-back hold the ribcage firmly and lightly. This, by Lilyette, of Ban-Lon nylon lace over nylon marquisette. $10 at Bloomingdale's.



For black crêpe, for thin black wools: a half-slip of pale Versailles-blue tricot hemmed with a wide scalloped border of white lace flowers. By Henson Kickernick, of nylon tricot and nylon Alençon lace. $6 at Altman's.

Coiffures Americana Beauty Salons Introducing the NEW *Eska*® TEMPERATE WAVE

NEW YORK, N.Y.	Bergdorf-Goodman
AKRON, OHIO	O'Neil's
ATLANTA, GA.	Davison's Downtown, Columbia Mall & Lenox Square
AURORA, ILL.	Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
BALTIMORE, MD.	Hochschild, Kohn Downtown, Belvedere, Eastpoint, Edmondson & Harundale
BEVERLY HILLS, CAL.	Haggarty's
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.	Burger-Phillips
BOSTON, MASS.	Jordan Marsh Company
CHARLESTON, W. VA.	Stone & Thomas
CHICAGO, ILL.	Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co. State St., Evergreen Park, Hillside, Randhurst, & Edens Plaza
CINCINNATI, OHIO	Shillito's
CLEVELAND, OHIO	Higbee's Downtown, Severance & Westgate
COLUMBUS, OHIO	Lazarus
DENVER, COLO.	The Denver Dry Goods Co. Downtown & Lakeside
DETROIT, MICH.	Hudson's Downtown, Dearborn, Eastland, Lincoln Park Northland & Westland
EL PASO, TEXAS	Popular Downtown & Bassett Ctr.
ERIE, PA.	Boston Store
EVANSVILLE, IND.	de Jong's Downtown & Lawndale
FORT COLLINS, COLO.	Randall Shop
GREELEY, COLO.	The Denver Dry Goods Co.
GREENVILLE, S. C.	Meyers-Arnold
HAYWARD, CALIF.	Joseph Magnin
HONOLULU, HAWAII	Liberty House Downtown, Waialae & Kailua
HOUSTON, TEXAS	Battelstein's River Oaks & Sharpstown
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.	Purcells Downtown & Roosevelt Mall
KING OF PRUSSIA, PA.	John Wanamaker
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA	Joseph Magnin
LEXINGTON, KY.	Embry's
MALDEN, MASS.	Jordan Marsh Company
MIAMI, FLA.	Jordan Marsh
MILWAUKEE, WIS.	Boston Store
MOBILE, ALA.	Hammel's
MOORESTOWN, N.J.	John Wanamaker
MORRISTOWN, N.J.	M. Epstein
NEW HAVEN, CONN.	The Edw. Malley Co.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	Holmes Downtown & Metairie
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.	Miller & Rhoads
OAKLAND, CALIF.	Joseph Magnin
ORLANDO, FLA.	Jordan Marsh
PALO ALTO, CALIF.	Joseph Magnin—Stanford Shopping Center
PASADENA, CAL.	Haggarty's
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	John Wanamaker Downtown, Jenkintown & Wynnewood
PORTLAND, ORE.	Best's Apparel Lloyd Center
PROVIDENCE, R. I.	Shepard
RENO, NEVADA	Joseph Magnin
RICHMOND, VA.	Miller & Rhoads Downtown & Willow Lawn Shopping Center
ROANOKE, VA.	Miller & Rhoads Downtown & Salem Plaza
ROCHESTER, N.Y.	Sibley's Downtown, Irondequoit, Newark, Southtown & Eastway
SACRAMENTO, CAL.	Joseph Magnin Downtown & Country Club
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH	Auerbach's
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS	Joske's of Texas
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	Joseph Magnin Downtown & Stonestown
SAN JOSE, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
SAN MATEO, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
SANTA BARBARA, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
SANTA ROSA, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
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STOW, OHIO	O'Neil's
SYRACUSE, N.Y.	Flah & Co. (Shoppingtown)
TAMPA, FLA.	Maas Brothers
TOLEDO, OHIO	Lamson's Downtown, Colony & Maumee
TUCSON, ARIZ.	Steinfeld's
TULSA, OKLA.	Vandevers Downtown, Utica Square & Bartlesville
URBANA, ILL.	Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
VENTURA, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
WALTHAM, MASS.	Grover Cronin
WHEELING, W. VA.	Stone & Thomas
WILMINGTON, DEL.	John Wanamaker
WORCESTER, MASS.	Denholms
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO	Strouss'



At fine salons listed on the adjoining page or write for the name of the ESKA Franchised Beauty Salon nearest you.
ESKA / A Division of Turner Hall Corporation / 120 East 16th St., New York, N.Y. 10003

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KAYSER IS MARVELOUS IN BED

Marvelous way to feel as pretty as you look: start with a romantic filmy shift gown; slip a matching puff-sleeved peignoir over it. Scrolled lace appears briefly at the neckline and on the sleeves. Made of light-as-a-feather nylon. In colors both soothing and startling: cafe brown/naturelle, happy blue, lacquer red, happy pink, black, white. Sizes Small, Medium or Large, $22. Shift gown only, $8. Another fine product of ®, Kayser-Roth, 425 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Taking the Cure at Montecatini

By Lucy Moorehead

Taking the cure was part of the seasonal pattern of Edwardian society; after the house parties, the dinner parties, the balls, and the shooting parties, the party-goers moved on to Baden-Baden, Aix-les-Bains, and Marienbad.

It is not so glamorous today, but the mystique is still there, and the spas are as full as ever. Since in this changing world everyone knowingly or unknowingly seeks discipline, it may be that the cleansing is spiritual as well as physical: guilt is assuaged. At any rate, Montecatini, the most famous watering place in Italy, even in a year of economic crisis and retrenchment has a bumper season.

Most Italians are highly conscious of their livers; the word "fegato" recurs constantly in their conversations and advertisements. The mineral waters of Montecatini are particularly purging, and have been famous as such for four hundred years; as Professor Francesco Reti put it in the seventeenth century, "Tettuccio water . . . is a true sheet anchor in the storm of bilious colic."

The weather of the stomach need not be as bad as all that; many people go to Montecatini to ward off trouble as well as to cure it. Not only the rich seek to offset the high living of the rest of the year—not by any means; there is a bank manager of a little village in Umbria who would not miss his yearly fortnight for anything, and he is typical of thousands, not only Italians. The English come, the Italians and Americans, the French and the Germans. They are enough to fill over three hundred hotels and pensions; they have created an industry.

It is all very well done. The atmosphere is something between a holiday town, *Last Year at Marienbad*, and a rather chic sanatorium. The grand hotels are very grand indeed; long corridors receding into shadowy distances, imposing chandeliers, and porters who cozen you in half a dozen languages.

The town, set in the Tuscan hills a stone's throw from the *autostrada* which links Florence to Pisa, is small and cheerful; some of the expensive Roman shops find it worthwhile to open branches here during the season. There are parks everywhere and the streets are lined with flowers in tubs. The mountains rise up behind, enclosing it all firmly like a benevolent concentration camp.

The ritual after arrival is reassuring. A doctor calls and makes out a program for you: so many glasses, perhaps, of "Tamerici," the strongest water, to be drunk in five minutes: so many of "Regina" in twelve minutes, and you generally finish off with a glass of "Tettuccio," the natural water which comes spouting out of an ornamental fountain. You must wait fifteen minutes between drinks of each type of water, and all these instructions are laid down with the rigorous precision of an army exercise.

Then there is the hot mud. On an anatomical sketch the doctor marks in red and blue chalk the *points d'appui;* here's mud on your elbow, or your knee; mud on "a half body on the bed," or "one limb in a pail."

The main establishment, an imposing building of the twenties, is reminiscent of an opera house, with colonnades, arches, statues, and a great deal of fanciful stonework. A series of frescoes symbolize—rather like the allegorical figures of Right and Wrong, Good and Evil in a morality play—the payoff in health and strength. The building is surrounded with pruned lawns, and daily some dawn gardener changes the date and day on a bedded-out calendar of little plants.

In the fresh green morning of seven-thirty or thereabouts the visitors—patients? clients? —come pouring in through the

(Continued on page 66)



...AND OUT!

Slip in new almost-nothing Naturelle hue, of Satilene® nylon. Short, 30-38 and Average, 32-42 also in happy blue, lacquer red, shell pink, platinum, white, black. Tall, 34-42 in happy blue, black or white. $6. KAYSER

Pure wool suits by Glenhaven are

Case No. 1
Permanently pleated wool skirts all the dangers.
Anything can happen.
A rainy day.
A foggy night.
The crush and crumple of sitting or standing or swinging.
Through it all,
this pure wool beauty
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keeps its composure.
Sizes 8-20. About $40.

Case No. 2
The not-so-secret agent: wool's tailoring.
It's obvious.
Only wool tailors so beautifully.
Moves so gracefully.
Shapes up so softly.
In this case, Glenhaven
comes up with an
artfully molded
heather beige
in pure wool. Sizes 8-18.
About $40.





The Wool Bureau, Inc., New York, N.Y.

made to live dangerously.

Case No. 3
You are being followed.
Wool's color and texture,
the lure.
Many admiring eyes
are on you.
Wool's color is richer.
Textures more interesting.
Get the message?
Then make contact immediately
with this Glenhaven suit
in vibrant heather rust.
Sizes 8-18. About $40.



Case No. 4
Wool is cunning.
A quick-change artist
of fashion versatility.
Slink through the night.
Dash through the day.
Anytime, anywhere, wool
is fashion-right. Here, Glenhaven
styles this brown wool suit
so you can switch
from casual to dressy
with the flip of a jacket.
Sizes 8-20. About $40.



At Bloomingdale's, New York and branches; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Hochschild, Kohn, Baltimore and suburban stores; Rich's, Atlanta; Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago.



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Think Pretty...Seamprufe Does



Not shown: matching shift, bed jacket, pajama, baby doll.

Pretty is as Seamprufe does in "Esprit" gown and peignoir . . . with the spirit of youth and the finesse of fine fashion. Double layers of gossamer Burlington quality tricot of Chemstrand Blue "C"® nylon are prettily accented with delicate embroidery, ribbons and bows. Available in White, Cloud Blue, Blush Nude, Black over Blush Nude. Sizes 30 to 38. Waltz Gown, $9.00. Peignoir set, $25.00

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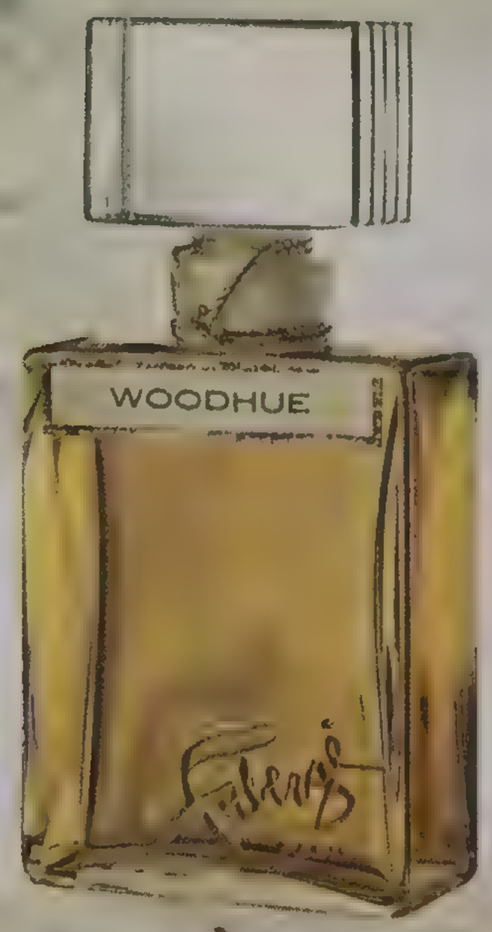
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HAYMAKER takes our wide wale Countess Corduroy, and designs it like nobody else. And who else, but Cone, makes all-cotton corduroy this designable. This soft. This rich. This blooming colorful: Gypsy Rose, Camel. 8-16. Orlon pile lined jacket, $30. Slim slacks, $12. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Neiman Marcus, Texas; Montaldo's, all stores; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Gus Mayer, all stores; Bullock's, San Fernando & Lakewood.

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Cone makes fabric for apparel, home and industry.

Perfume is for daytime, too. Playtime. Haytime. Live it up, laugh it up, toss-your-woes-away time. But it had better be a perfume that knows what it's doing – **Woodhue,** ***for example; a fine how-do-you-do. If you're an individualist, there's something in it for you – it's zingy, swingy, full of surprises. Some say*** **Woodhue** ***is a free translation of fall's first brash breeze... crisp leaves crackling underfoot... pale cool sunlight. Others insist it's the very soul of non-conformity. All agree it's wonderfully with-it!*** **Woodhue Parfum Extraordinaire,** ***made in France by*** **Fabergé.**



Anything goes. Mix bras and slips
and girdles and bras and colors
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Lacy petti, $10. Girdle, $7. Lacy bra, $6.
At fine stores everywhere.

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because you love nice things



Do you want to be a Vogue Editor

Enroll Now In Vogue's 25th Prix de Paris (a career competition for college seniors)

FIRST PRIZE: A year on Vogue magazine as a Junior Editor, plus a trip to Paris with Vogue Editors covering the Paris Collections.

SECOND PRIZE: Six months on Vogue as a Junior Editor.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS: For ten runners-up, $50 U.S. Savings Bonds and top consideration for jobs on Vogue, as well as other Condé Nast magazines such as Glamour, Mademoiselle, House & Garden, The Bride's Magazine.

Vogue's 25th Prix de Paris competition was announced in the August 1 issue. The First Quiz and Rules are repeated here.

FIRST QUIZ

Answer TWO of the three questions in this section:

1. Name specific fashion trends which began with girls your age, in or out of college. In general, do you believe that girls of sixteen to twenty start or follow fashion trends? Explain. *(400 words or less)*

2. Imagine that you are a fashion copywriter for the editorial pages of Vogue. Suggest several alternate words or phrases for each of the following: "Bargains in Chic," "The Young Chicerino," "Accessories," "Shop Hound," and "Fashions in Living."

3. Select five advertisements from the August 1 issue of Vogue (if you don't have a copy, check your library) and tell why, in your opinion, each of the advertisers chose to appear in Vogue. *(300 words or less)*

Answer BOTH questions in this section:

1. Write a beauty biography of yourself or someone you know well. Include full details about looks, diet, exercise (and this may mean tennis or swimming rather than more formal exercise routines), makeup, hair, fragrance, et cetera, naming—if you think it relevant—specific products. *(500 words or less)*

2. Decide on a person whom you consider a good possibility for a photograph in Vogue's "People Are Talking About . . ." feature. Write accompanying text for the photograph. *(300 words or less)*

Answers to this quiz are due November 1, 1965 and should be mailed to:

Prix de Paris Director
VOGUE, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

NAME_____
(please print)

COLLEGE_____ WHAT DEGREE_____

COLLEGE ADDRESS_____
city state

ZIP CODE_____ MONTH AND YEAR OF GRADUATION_____

HOME ADDRESS_____
street city

STATE_____ ZIP CODE_____

VOGUE PRIX DE PARIS RULES

1. Each entrant must be graduated during the scholastic year 1965-1966 and must receive the B.A. degree or its equivalent from a college or university within the United States.

2. Each entrant must send in the entrance blank on this page, or reasonable facsimile thereof, by October 22, 1965.

3. No entrant may be in any way connected with The Condé Nast Publications Inc., nor related to any of its employees.

4. There will be a first- and second-place winner. The first-place winner will receive a year's job with Vogue as a Junior Editor and will accompany the Vogue Editors to Paris to cover one of the Paris Collections during this year. The second-place winner will receive a six months' job with Vogue as a Junior Editor. There will be ten Honourable Mention winners, each of whom will receive a $50 United States Savings Bond and top consideration for jobs on any Condé Nast magazine.

5. The 25th Prix de Paris competition consists of two quizzes to be answered by all contestants, and a 1,500-word thesis which those who pass the two quizzes will be eligible to submit. Each entrant who is eligible to submit a thesis will be notified by Vogue by January 24, 1966.

6. Each quiz will require answers to four questions, some based on fashion and beauty, others based on non-fashion subjects (books, movies, art, theatre, music, personalities, et cetera).

7. The First Quiz appears at left; answers are due November 1, 1965. The Second Quiz will be published in the November 15, 1965 issue; answers are due January 10, 1966. Subjects for the thesis will be published in the February 1, 1966 issue; thesis will be due March 1, 1966. Although the questions in the quizzes are editorial in nature and are based in part on material appearing in Vogue, it is not necessary to subscribe to the magazine to enter the competition.

8. Papers will be graded on writing ability, grasp of subject matter, general intelligence, originality, and demonstration of special talents.

9. All material submitted must be typewritten double-spaced on one side of the page, on paper not larger than 8½ by 11 inches. Your name and college, plus the quiz and question numbers, must appear at the top of each page. All material submitted becomes the property of The Condé Nast Publications Inc. and will not be returned.

10. The judges of the competition will be a board of Vogue Editors, and their decision will be final. Any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest shall be adjudicated solely under the laws of the State of New York. Judges reserve the right to hold personal interviews with the finalists before selecting the winners. Winners of Vogue's 25th Prix de Paris will be notified by May 12, 1966.



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The well-bred look. Imported English wool in a downy weave in fall's new countryside colors. Tailored to fit you smoothly in perfectly proportioned Tiny, Typical and Tall sizes. About one hundred ten dollars. Other HS&M suits, eighty-five to one hundred twenty-five.

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY



The ages when you do which with hair

Hair chronology. Period of Mother's Care—up to age 12. Time of awakening—"I can do it myself"—12 to 15. Age of Awareness—furious activity—16 to 19. Cosmetic Age—now she understands her hair—20 to 39. Problem Period—rapid increase of conditioners and colouring—40 to 59. Then there's that Age of Serenity. . . . This is the summation of Dr. J. Stevens Stock at a hair seminar early this year. But at any age, Mother's Care through Age of Serenity, there is one of the standard clichés of our world: "Just washed it, can't do a thing with it." Why we can't do a thing with it is this: In our eagerness to get out from under the hair-washing machinery, we have forgone the rinse. One of the rinses that might change all this is made by the masters of hair matters, Breck. A soft-pink lotion that promises instant manageability for just-shampooed hair, Breck Creme Rinse discourages snarls, quiets static, in general is a great recipe for hair glister. Breck pursues their hair-raising activities with something called Breckset, a setting lotion that gets squeezed directly onto wet or dry hair and extends the duration of a set immeasurably. If you use Breck Creme Rinse and Breckset, you can wash your hair—and conceivably do beaucoup with it.

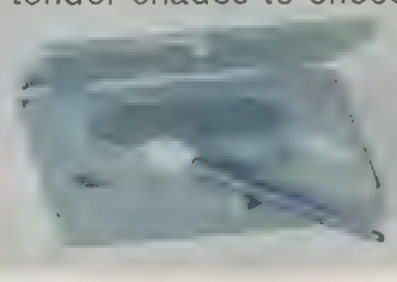
The under-control in the eyelash division

Fake eyelashes that go on under, rather than over, the real thing are the development in the world of eyelashery. Worn for some time now by beautiful testers roaming these premises, Inga Lashes, produced by Inga Borg, a former mannequin, can go swimming, sleeping, or raising Cain. (The accompanying glue is water-resistant.) Made of fine human hair, each individual lash is attached to a delicate base, also composed of hair. With glue and cleanser at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

3 NEW TIPS FOR DESIGNING EYES

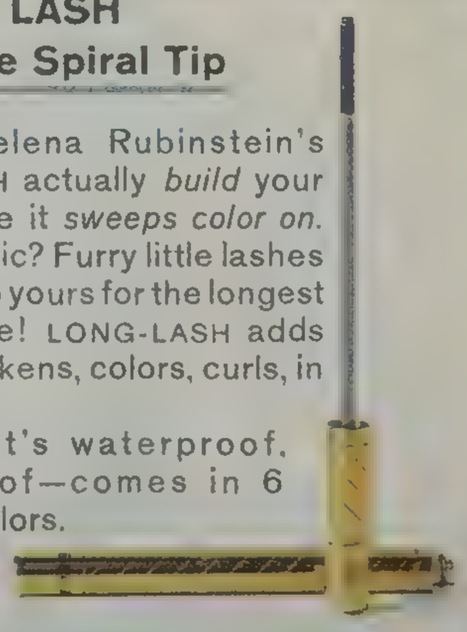
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The Sponge Tip

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Helena Rubinstein's new FASHION MATTE Eye Shadow, with its unique sponge-tipped applicator, simply *sifts* color on! Looks subtle, soft, fragile. Wears divinely—no smudge, no separation, no streaks.
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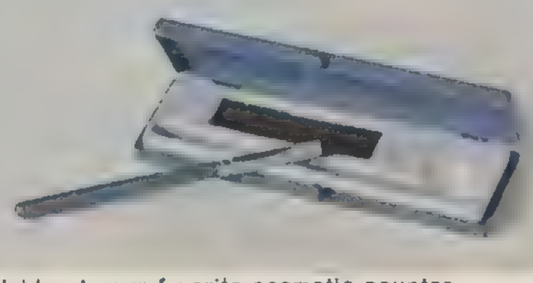
2. LONG LASH
The Spiral Tip

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More? It's waterproof, smearproof—comes in 6 glorious colors.



3. FASHION BROW
The Brush Tip

What a difference a brow makes!
The contour brush and the FASHION BROW it belongs to, are dramatic proof.
Brush here. Brush there. Reshape. Reshade. It's all so natural no one knows where your own brow ends and FASHION BROW begins. In 6 waterproof shades.



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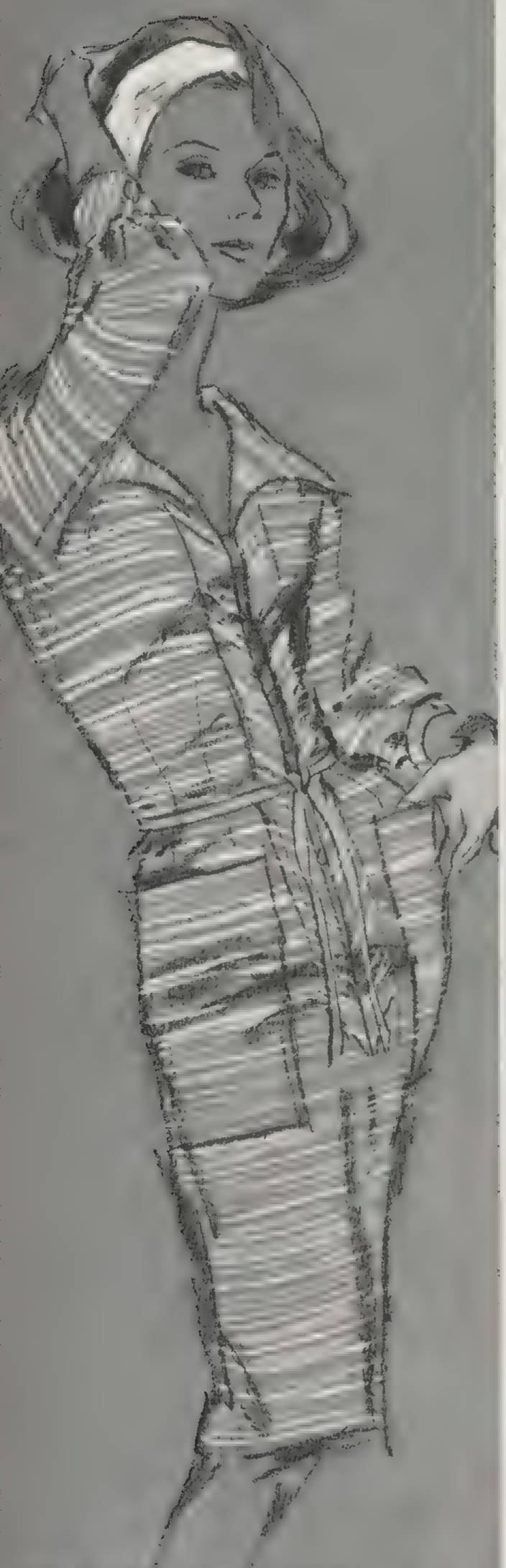
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Justin McCarty



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JOSKE'S • *houston*

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

September 15

Idea from another world

It's not exactly unheard of for an airline to assign to a great fashion designer the job of imagining uniforms for its stewardesses; some of the quite nifty suits, dresses, and hats aboard many of the attractive flying personnel of the world have emigrated from the sketch pads of fashion greats—in the U.S., France, England, and now Italy. But the verve with which Emilio Pucci has just reoutfitted Braniff International Airways is something else again. In look, a combination of Texas, Florence, and Mars, the clothes he has worked out are meant to meet every possible exigency—including the future. And they just could affect the way some of the rest of us dress today. For instance: quick change of clothes seemed crucial to him—so everything zips, zaps, switches, interchanges; even the soft little boots made for the stewardesses are slotted at each ankle with handles to make for quick pulling on and off of footgear. The dazzling two-coloured jersey hostess uniform is a Scheherazade version of a jumpsuit; dressing time, about two seconds. The aprons in which the hostesses are meant to serve meals aboard Braniff planes are back-tied surgical smocks in bicoloured nylon—they tie on right over a zippy little bicoloured suit. But the most taking idea has to do with the head—and this, we think, could become a thing. Over a sensible but dashing scarf hat, designed to keep the stewardesses' hair intact through wind, rain, and the revved-up gusts of airfields, goes a great clear plastic bubble-dome. Hinged at the back, slotted open for nose and mouth room at the front, this bubble-dome, if it's ever made available to non-fliers, could be the umbrella of the future. Could become, because of its little globe shape and enveloping protection, the way all of us choose to leave our hairdressers' salons when the weather threatens to destroy a fresh beauty investment. Idea from another world. . . .

Question of liquid

Many of the young beauties whose living habits we investigate in the interest of reportage in these pages tell us they either 1) drink no spirits at all, or 2) confine their drinking to a little wine with meals. Many of the older beauties, those women in their late fifties or sixties who look better than they did when they were wowing us at nineteen, insist—and we're sure quite accurately—that they never drink or smoke, and never have. . . . A positive pronouncement may come along, at some point, fixing forever the status of liquor in the beauty life. Meanwhile, it was with quite some eye-popping fascination that we came upon a book by Dr. Morris Chafetz called *Liquor: The Servant of Man.* Dr. Chafetz, a psychiatrist on the faculty of medicine at Harvard University, surprised us by being not at all hard on liquor. ("I like what Churchill is reputed to have said: 'I have taken more out of alcohol than alcohol has taken out of me.'") While certainly not promoting liquor, and not for a minute suggesting that alcohol taken internally will do anything for the hair, the skin, the figure, Dr. Chafetz does suggest, and very learnedly, too, that liquor can be well taken. What does well-taken alcohol consist of? According to our reading of Chafetz, it consists of eating before drinking, or eating during drinking—particularly the protein foods such as milk, butter, cheese, meat, eggs, that impair the rush of alcohol to the bloodstream. . . . Another bit of Chafetz advice: during drinking, drink water. Water is the best of dilutants—drink it not before drinking, but with liquor or immediately after. . . . So it would seem that the Perrier water that lengthens the whiskey is a very good thing. And that the service of Mountain Valley Water, or a can of Evian Mineral water on an Air France or Alitalia plane, is not to be passed up. . . .

She just stroked away ten years!



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It took so little to do so much.
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Montecatini

(Continued from page 47)

arched entrance (a dollar to go in), each one carrying his own personal mug. Decorated china ones have "Ricordo di Montecatini" written on them, but it is smarter to own a plain measured medicine glass.

The band on the Victorian rotunda strikes up, and queues start to form up at each running tap on a long marble counter.

The water really is disgusting, no two ways about it, hot, salty, and sulfurous, and it is hard to say which is worse, those glasses of the saltiest, to be downed in five minutes, or the glasses of the medium, to be spun out over a quarter of an hour.

By contrast, the rows of lavatories are marvellous, shining, and welcoming, each with a light which flashes on over the door as it is locked. Somehow it is not embarrassing or even funny. The ambience, the people pacing up and down the colonnades, talking, sipping, reading newspapers, is surprisingly relaxed. Little horse-drawn carriages wait at the door to take you home—at a gallop if necessary.

Back at the hotel you choose your meal with care; no hard liquor (but a permission of wine), and the tastier dishes are generally marked with an asterisk: "not for those doing the cure." This is no hardship; there is a great feeling of pride in taking the boiled fish instead of the lobster (asterisked), in *not* having the Martini, in getting up at seven in the morning and walking out breakfastless.

In the late afternoon you are off to the mud baths, where cheerful girls slap on great dollops of hot, suave grey mud until you look and feel like some saurian creature in its primaeval pool. "Buon fango"—good mud—they chirp, and leave you to sweat it out.

The end effects are fine. You have been warned against side effects such as "ballooning," but the cure does cure, and you go away feeling that you have in some measure atoned for the sloth and excesses of everyday life.

The first Martini is perfectly delicious.

Everything-goes bag

For the girl who can't say no to packing



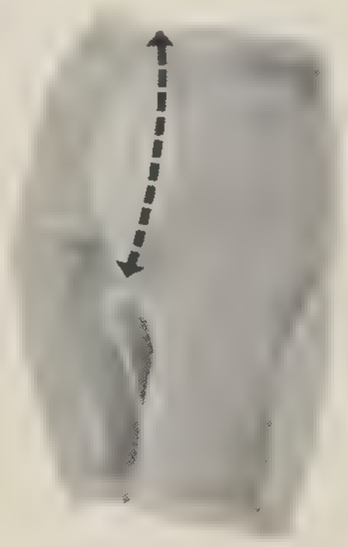
Pyjamas, pemmican, Burke's Peerage—everything goes into this oversized tote of grey-and-white pin checks rimmed in ivory vinyl. It's impervious to wine or rain, flap-closed; the strap adjusts to arm or shoulder swinging. With zippered pockets inside and out, everything lined in makeup-proof grey plastic. By Skyway, of cotton and rayon, with Zepel repeller (W. R. Thomas fabric). About $30. At Bloomingdale's. Easy little shift-of-knit in oatmeal wool, about $60. By Kimberly. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Shoes by Evins. Gloves by Viola Weinberger.

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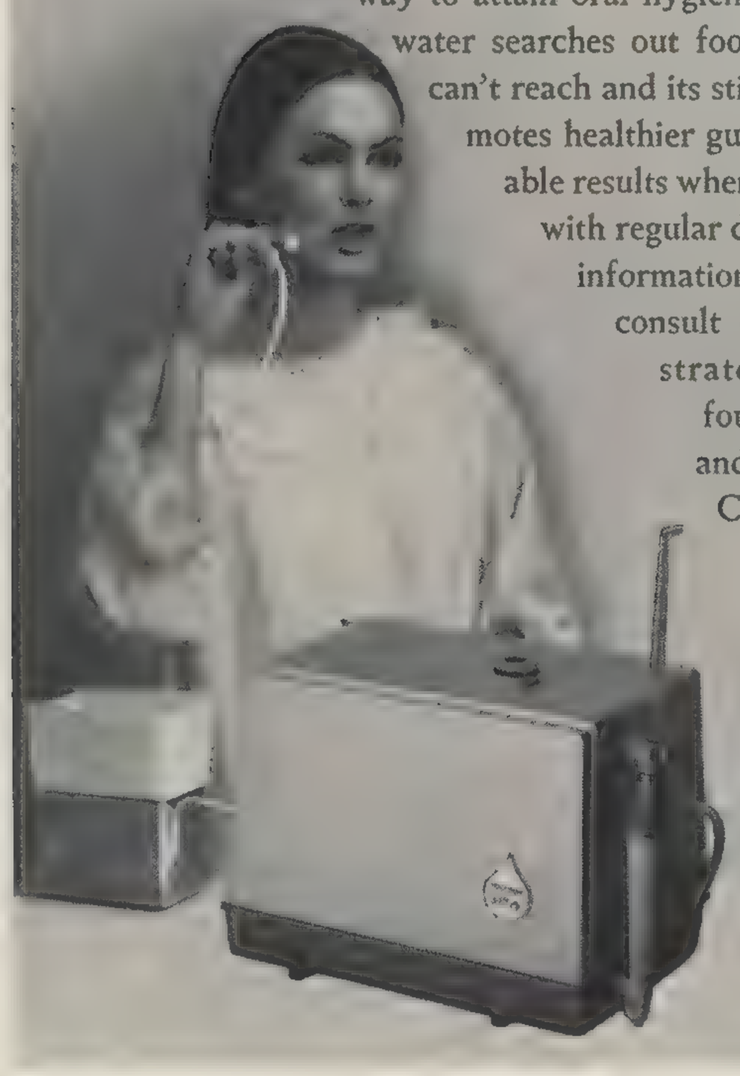
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VOGUE'S

"My Fair Lady"—the costume ball of Mme. Hélène Rochas, in Paris

"It looked so *authentic* in this 1900 pavilion . . . many imitations of my dresses were haunting!" said Cecil Beaton of this unmasked Shavian masquerade given by Mme. Hélène Rochas at La Cascade. In plumes, cartwheel hats, and diamond chokers, in tatters and tinsel, in epaulets and velvet smoking jackets, droves of professors, Ascot belles, colonels, cockneys, and "rapscalliony flower girls," arrived in horse-drawn buggies, in horseless carriages. Refurbished Edwardian by André Levasseur, La Cascade shone. Pink satin and white lace on buffets. Milk-glass globes above potted palms, plump mauve hydrangeas in art

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NOTEBOOK

nouveau planters. Polka and waltz counterpointed the Beatle beat in a smaller pavilion, done as a Covent Garden pub, all red, banked with vegetable and fruit stalls. Parisian perfection carried this evening of *My Fair Lady*—internationally recast.
1. Donna Allegra Caracciolo. 2. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor. 3. Comtesse Sanjust; M. Yves Saint Laurent. 4. La Cascade, the Bois de Boulogne restaurant taken over for the party. 5. Mr. Cecil Beaton; Vicomtesse de Ribes. 6. Mme. Hélène Rochas. 7. Conte Lorenzo Attolico; Lady Carolyn Townshend. 8. Mme. Alain Cavalier. 9. Comtesse Michel de Ganay.



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VOGUE'S

Rajput exotica in England—the Jaipurs' party

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NOTEBOOK

the most beautifully dressed collection of women at any party in the English season . . . in the drawing room, dancing, opened by H. M. Queen Elizabeth in gold and white lace with the Maharajah; H. R. H. Prince Philip with the Maharani . . . then everybody, from everywhere, danced, danced, danced.

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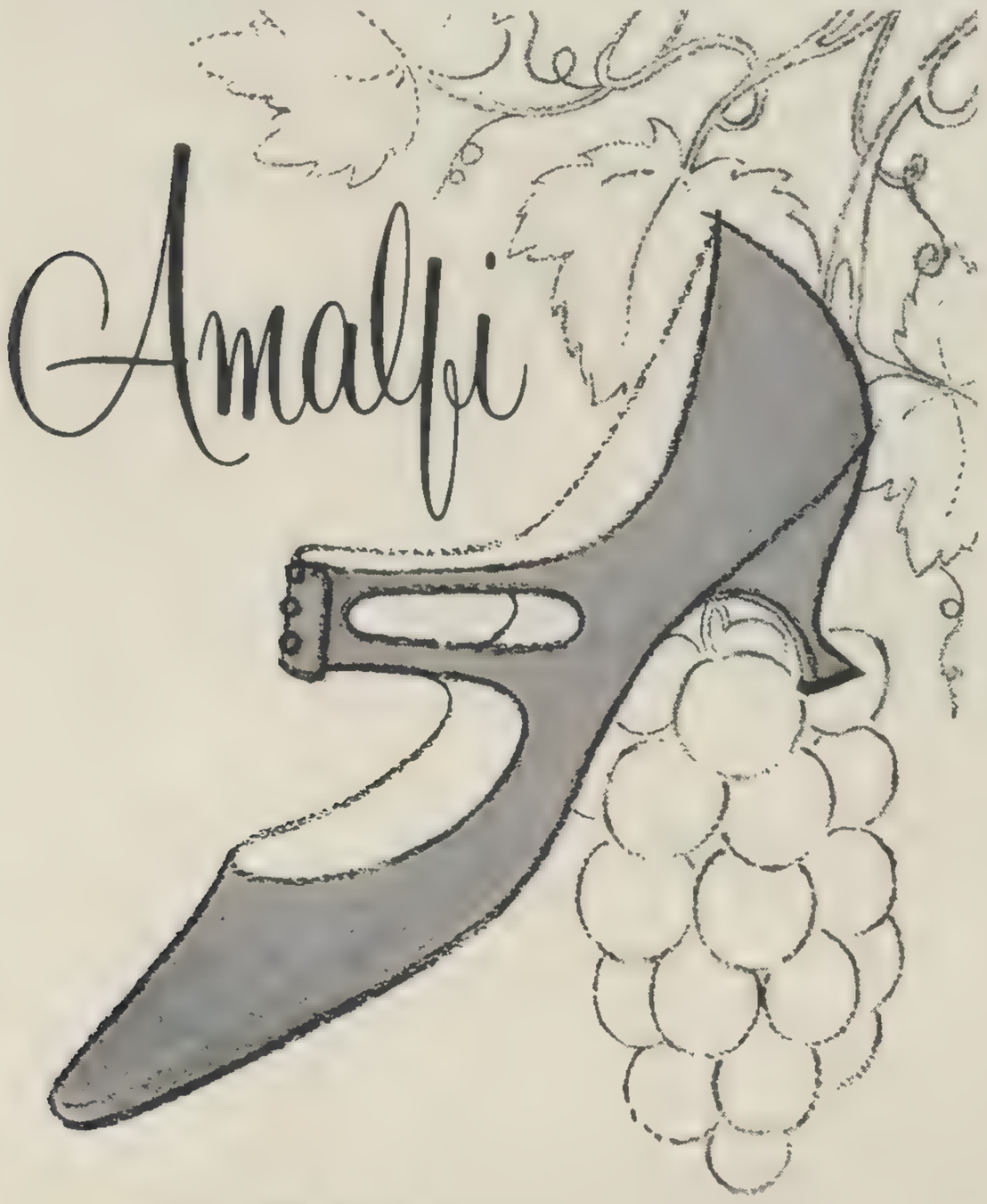


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VOGUE'S

Like a divertissement— the début of Ariane Lopez in France

The Neuilly manor house of Mme. Arturo Lopez-Willshaw shone with *son et lumière* for the début and birthday party of her niece Ariane. From all over Europe and the Americas, friends fanned in to wish *bonne fête* to the débutante, a dark-eyed Chilean dazzler in a Laroche dress of pale-rose satin, pearls, and crystal. In the ballroom, walls encrusted with seashells echoed to three bands: French for *les slows;* Brazilian for samba; British for Mersey beat. The shake and the surf were danced as only the young French dance—mad but mannered. Outside, the terrace, the jewelled guests, the blue-and-white parasols, flower-crowned, reflected in the massive watery *miroir.* As dawn

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NOTEBOOK

dimmed the distant Paris lights, the maddest surfers and shakers, half-stripped, dove through the looking glass—to cool off in the "mirror."

1. Mme. Arturo Lopez-Willshaw, *right*, greeting the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. 2. Dancing in the famous "shell room," designed by the late Arturo Lopez-Willshaw. 3. Mlle. Béatrice Dautresme; M. Philippe Junot; M. Stéphane Desouches; Donna Selvaggia Borromeo D'Adda. 4. The house, the party, reflected in the pool. 5. Mrs. Mel Ferrer. 6. Mlle. Denise Shorto; Mlle. Roselyne Fould; M. Jean-Pascal Billaud. 7. The débutante, Mlle. Ariane Lopez and M. Gérard Lecléry.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK :

TRAVEL

By George Bradshaw

Hong Kong:

"There is a splendour about the place . . ."

If you must leave New York, go to Hong Kong. Go to Hong Kong, and stay. "Stay" is the word I wish you to remember. Everyone in Hong Kong speaks English and is invariably in a good humour. At this late date I don't have to dwell on the beauties of the place, but I might point out that, while large, Hong Kong is a manageable city. If you have any sense at all, within a couple of weeks you will know it. And it is cheap. The food is superlative—oysters are flown from Australia, beef from Kobe—and, to my mind, the Chinese food is now the best in the world.

But you can't hurry. A four-day stay turns into merely a succession of nightclubs, opium dens, floating restaurants, and unsatisfactory tailors, and you return exhausted to your ship or plane wondering why you ever left Grosse Pointe.

There are scads of hotels, of course, but I think the most pleasant thing to do is stay at one or both of the two old beauties, the Peninsula and the Repulse Bay. One is in the country beside a beach; the other in town. You can shuttle between their vast pleasures in less than three-quarters of an hour.

One thing advisable is this: before you go, wangle a letter of introduction—to a Chinese, an American, an Englishman, a somebody in Hong Kong. There is a splendour about the place that somehow wipes off on the inhabitants. I see you playing golf at Shek-O, being taken to the races, having a drink at the Hong Kong Club, and Sunday lunch looking out over the South China Sea, in a house in Pokfulam.

How can I explain the surprise and yet the hominess of Hong Kong? Let me try. I spent some time with friends bobbing around the Territory in a miniature junk—such a pretty craft, modelled on the working junk, but designed just for pleasure. We swam on the lovely beaches of the big island, Lantao; we dined on deck with ivory chopsticks and an ivory moon; we puttered through the harbour at nine o'clock at night with every light in the world turned on; we slept soundly in Deep Water Bay. When I got back to the Peninsula, my room boy said, "I have had three of your shirt collars turned, they needed it. And why didn't you tell me where you were? Look at these telephone calls. . . ."

And always, all the time, there is the great million-peopled city going on all around. It is Chinese, it is fascinating—and safe. One of the inbred fears of us Americans (isn't it?) is that we are going to be cheated. Well, you won't be in Hong Kong. You're safe.

You will bargain. You will bargain loudly, savagely, using muscles to shrug with that you didn't know you had. And you will beat your man down—down to the point where you wonder if maybe you weren't cheating *him.* (On that point, let me reassure you.)

You must never forget to bargain. One day I did. I was buying myself a pair of black Chinese slippers and the man asked a dollar and a quarter, which seemed reasonable enough. So I said all right. His face fell, and he spread his hands. "You can have them for a dollar," he said. I had ruined his day.

To end on a practical note: Hong Kong is a practical city. Let me give you the address of my tailor. He is Daniel Wong; his place is unfortunately called The Swank Shop, but no matter, it is in the Mody Road, and for fifty dollars—if you can beat him down from fifty-five—you will get something superb. Mention my name. . . .

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

THEATRE

By Alan Brien

In London: The Homecoming, "an unnerving horror-comic skill"

Harold Pinter's first full-length play in five years, *The Homecoming*, is set in a working-class living room in North London. When the curtain rises on the cavernous, outsize bunker designed by John Bury—towering walls smeared with serpentine scrawls of dampness, acres of dead floorboards dotted with an occasional atoll of rug or a marooned sofa and chair—the monstrous disproportion of the scale swiftly signals to Pinter fans a play conceived in the same mood of gigantesque caricature.

We should never be misled by the eavesdropping accuracy of his ear, the peeping-tom exactitude of his eye. Mr. Pinter simply uses a candid-camera technique to equip him with an acceptable deck of cards—the hand he plays is always eccentric and individual. Indeed it often takes off into operatic baroque with speeches which blossom into arias and dialogue as formally and artificially distributed as themes in a quartet. No dramatist can ever be entirely insulated from the world in which he hopes to spend his percentage of the gross, but Mr. Pinter's relationship with the England of Harold Wilson appears to me as oblique and devious as that of Racine with the France of Louis XIV.

The people who gradually inhabit this overgrown set have upset some of Mr. Pinter's more radical, leftish admirers. Can he really mean to imply that the British worker should be represented, however symbolically, in a new-wave drama by Max (played by Paul Rogers), a randy, senile delinquent with a foul tongue and a cutting edge to his hand? By one son, training to be a second-rate boxer, and another son, Lenny (Ian Holm), dapper, cynical, ruthless, with a killer's grin and a con man's wit, who operates as a first-rate ponce on a string of Soho call girls?

Mr. Pinter has consistently refused to recognize messages in his work. But he seems to see in the lower depths the only reserves of vitality and energy, however perverted and violent, to be found in a declining society. This family (or so we guess) was given its coherence and self-confidence by its dead matriarch, Jessie. All its members are obsessed in her memory by the dual nature of woman, the bitch goddess: the thief and the preserver of man's precarious virility. And when Teddy (Michael Bryant), the third sibling, appears, a scholarship prig who has been teaching in America, along with Ruth (Vivien Merchant), his coolly teasing wife—it seems apparent that the Homecoming of the title belongs not to the reserved, introverted son but to the all-embracing, all-dominating mother. Ruth is Jessie reborn, and retooled to take on again her multiplicity of rôles.

From his very first play, Harold Pinter has seemed to me to display remarkable affinities with Alfred Hitchcock. But a Pinter play is a Hitchcock scenario with that last explanatory reel missing. *The Homecoming* is wriggling with ambiguities. Was Ruth a Christine Keeler who reverted eagerly to type when her new family put her on the streets? Did she and Teddy ever go to the America they so vaguely describe? Did Teddy ever teach philosophy about which he knows so much less than the evil Lenny?

The evidence is lavish and confusing. In almost all plays of this genre, I begin to resent the ease with which an author can evade the logic of his own narrative and break his own rules. But whatever *The Homecoming* "means," and however infuriating its double-talk at times, it is sickeningly well acted, directed by Peter Hall with an unnerving horror-comic skill, and remains with you for weeks like something nasty stepped on with a bare foot.



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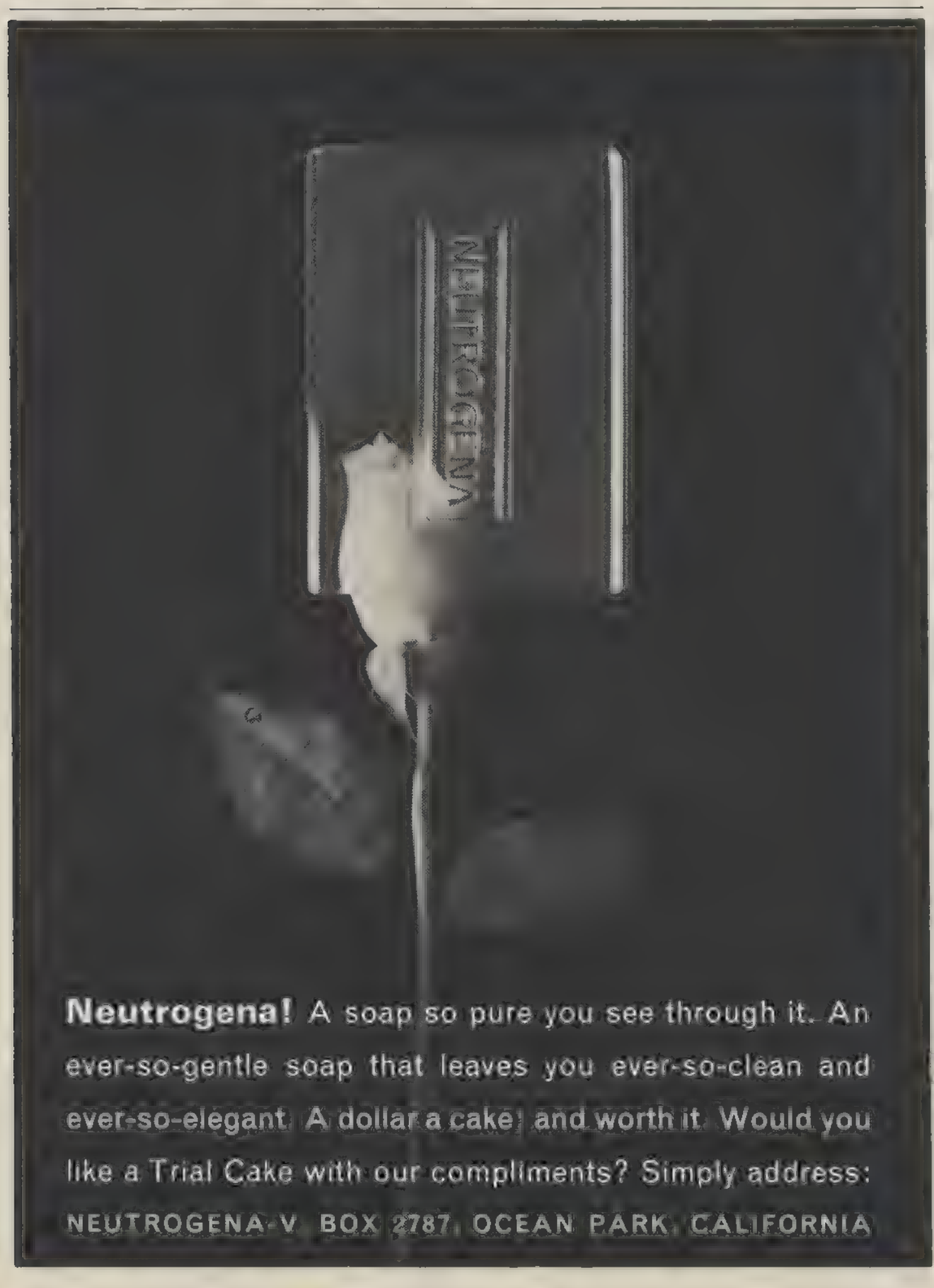
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: MOVIES

By Joan Didion

Morituri,

"*wonderfully claustrophobic*"

There is a variety of critical vocabulary in which "competent," "skilled," and "professional" are very pejorative words indeed, words employed interchangeably with "slick" and put to ritual use to explain what is wrong with the Hollywood product. Gradually such rote words have lost all literal meaning, as was evidenced some months ago when the thing to do about Otto Preminger's Pearl Harbor movie, *In Harm's Way*, was to deride its "slick competence."

In point of fact, *In Harm's Way* was paralytically incompetent, a picture with the pace of a home movie, apparently composed exclusively of master shots and climaxed by a sea battle which could have been improved upon in a bathtub. In other words, no one who had actually kept his eyes open for ten minutes at random during that particular movie could have called it "slick" in any real sense; the word was offered up merely in its symbolic meaning, as derogation.

I dwell so upon this erosion of vocabulary because it leaves us incapable of making an accurate distinction between a certain kind of bad picture, like *In Harm's Way* or *Operation Crossbow*, and a certain kind of good picture, like *Morituri*. When all the accurate words have been made to stand for mendacity, what can be said about *Morituri*? It is competent, skilled, professional, and slick, and because it is all those things, it is marvellously entertaining.

You know the story: an aesthete who wishes only to make a separate peace is blackmailed by British intelligence into travelling, disguised as an SS officer, on a German ship carrying rubber from Japan to Bordeaux in 1942. The reluctant agent's mission is to prevent the ship's captain from scuttling the rubber, if and when the ship is intercepted by the Allies. Now. To perceive just one of the points at which *Morituri* might have gone awry, we have only to know that the agent is played by Marlon Brando, and that the notion of two weeks on a boat crowded with Nazis and beautiful Jewish prisoners might well have afforded him numberless opportunities to exhibit those painful tics and facial seizures, upon which he ordinarily relies to suggest his slow discovery that no man is an island.

But no: Brando has been controlled, and the director who controlled him is a German, Bernhard Wicki, who is perhaps best known in this country for *The Bridge*, about children drafted to fight in the waning months of the German war. And just as he controlled Brando, Wicki kept the whole picture tight, fast, wonderfully claustrophobic, long on mood and short on message.

Morituri is exactly the kind of thing Hollywood is supposed to do so well but in fact has not been doing very well at all lately, so busy have its own directors been crying mea culpa to those who accuse them of mendacity.

The Sons of Katie Elder,

"*old-fashioned action*"

This is an old-fashioned action Western, very old-fashioned, the kind *Cat Ballou* tried so dismally to make fun of. In fact I have a good time at movies like *Katie Elder:* I like the country and I like John Wayne and I like Dean Martin and I like gunfights. If you don't, don't bother.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By Robert W. Corrigan

The Worlds of Robert E. Sherwood, "*intimations only of the vital chemistry*"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dean of the School of the Arts at New York University, Robert Corrigan also teaches dramatic literature, and edits the admired paperback series* The New Theatre of Europe.

A few years ago, when *A Man for All Seasons* was lifting the hearts and spirits of American theatre audiences, playwright Robert Bolt was asked to nominate some twentieth-century counterparts to his hero, Sir Thomas More. He named such men as Einstein, Gandhi, and Dag Hammarskjöld. Had he known him, Bolt might well have added Robert Sherwood—subject of John Mason Brown's long-awaited *The Worlds of Robert E. Sherwood* (Harper & Row).

Sherwood is best known as one of our greatest dramatists: the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *Reunion in Vienna, Idiot's Delight, The Petrified Forest, There Shall Be No Night*, and the memorable *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. But he reached the peak of many another summit as well, and when he died in 1955 at the age of fifty-nine, the gentle yet somehow arrogantly energetic Robert Sherwood had earned the respect, admiration, and affection of the American people—both the mighty and the mean. Perhaps not all of them were aware that he had provided some of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's most profound and moving speeches; nor could they even know that his remarkable biography, *Roosevelt and Hopkins*, and his Oscar-winning film, *The Best Years of Our Lives*, would turn out to be two of the most sensitive chronicles of the most tumultuous period in our history; but everyone did know that Raymond Massey was Abraham Lincoln, and that a lanky (almost six feet, seven inches), slow talking, Lincolnesque guy named Sherwood had recreated for the American imagination—in a time when it was needed most—the noblest figure it had ever had (or has had since!). It wasn't always easy to tell where Lincoln left off and Sherwood began.

Like most great men, Sherwood was a man of violent contradictions. But one of the most striking of them was the contrast between the eloquence of his prose and the halting, almost stammering manner of his ordinary speech. Among his close friends and associates he was affectionately known as "Old Monotonous." But it is a pity that Volume I of John Mason Brown's much-heralded biography of this modern "man for all seasons" must, to our great disappointment, be given the same tag. Mr. Brown has been working on *The Worlds of Robert E. Sherwood* off and on now for nearly a decade, and frankly we expected more of this first of two volumes. At times his writing has a superficial brilliance, but as a biographer Brown never transcends his own fascination with his subject. The result: after 409 pages we have intimations only of the vital chemistry which made Robert Sherwood the man he was.

However, the most frustrating aspect of *The Worlds of Robert E. Sherwood* is that the chronicle peters out just at the point when Sherwood's career enters the full bloom of its maturity. There is hardly a mention of his last (and greatest) plays: only hints about his ties with Roosevelt, and nothing about his rôle as a shaper and reflector of the post-World War II dreams and anxieties. There is only the book's back cover, unexpected and unsatisfying. It seems amazing, in a time when bulky biographies are such a commonplace, that the publishers did not wait to bring out the full story. That complex and warmly human artist-statesman who was Robert Sherwood deserves more, and so do those of us who would like to know him better.



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Private Wire from Everywhere

Rome

A friend, buzzing with excitement and a bad connection, called from Rome to tell us about the Piper ("Peeper") Club: "It's fantasia. It's chic. It's what Dante was thinking about when he wrote the *Inferno.* It looks like an enormous basement gymnasium slightly disguised in black and white and grey with tables and chairs all in red. Dancing, jammed on the floor and on rising platforms with lighted glass floors: two or three hundred kids, all over eighteen (a sign says you can't dance if you're under eighteen). They bump, grind, shake it up to almost continuous Mersey-beat music which throbs, yowls through thirty-five sound-box amplifiers. All the kids—the Romans call them 'Peeperini'—are thin, exhausted-looking, long-haired, entranced. No ties. Skin-tight pants. Thrift-shop dresses three to five inches above the knees. Everyone in sunglasses.

"Behind the band is a huge pink-and-black blow up of Clara Bow's eyes and bangs . . . also a five-by-ten-foot montage of smashed car parts. Three guitarists and a drummer play a favourite called 'Crawling Up a Hill.' Now and then a boy or girl dances alone. The boys are superb improvisers of steps; I watched a clump of aimless boys coagulate and dance like a spontaneous chorus line following one tubercular-looking, handsome boy in pale-blue slacks doing, faster and faster, flamenco-istic steps. I asked the boy at the next table what the dance was, and he said, in Italian, 'The Roman Zum-Zum.' I think he made the name up. . . . When the band took a breather, someone put on a record of Harry Belafonte singing 'On Top of Old Smoky.' The girls and boys began to dance *le slow* slammed together as if they hadn't a dime to stand on. . . . Another time, a guitarist, a boy with shoulder-length, bleached blond hair who looked like a depraved Botticelli, suddenly stopped playing. The drummer yelled into the mike, 'His G-string slipped,' and all the international kids—Roman, French, German—laughed; the music changed while the lights flickered on and off in time with the frantic beat. . . . All this for a dollar-fifty including one free Coke."

The Riviera

One of the best dancers we know reported that The new group dance washing over the south of France is the "Zorba the Greek." To the music from the movie, "everyone gets in a line, arms around one another. Then they do a real Greek dance: four long steps forward with leg outstretched; on the fifth step, fall on one knee to the ground; then up, about ten steps with feet forward and backward to each side getting faster and faster; then repeat the whole process again. . . . Much more complicated than the hully gully and much prettier to watch . . . all of this with girls in 1930's bell-bottom trousers and men in white blue jeans."

Antibes

Message received from the spot: "La Siesta, a vast, amusing night-club just outside of Antibes has everything from go-carting to parachuting in the sea. In fact, it's five nightclubs in one, right on the sea, although some of it burrows back under the railroad tracks. One section looks like a cave, with bars on the windows, long banquettes like sofas spilling over with entangled bodies. Another part has a lily pond with, among real lily pads, three or four large stone ones. Tangoing on one of these, I nearly fell off. Another section of the nightclub is a glass bowl; from the outside, people inside look like goldfish dancing. A pizzeria serves bang-up pizzas. Music blares from records all over, so the dancers wriggle right out onto the boardwalk."

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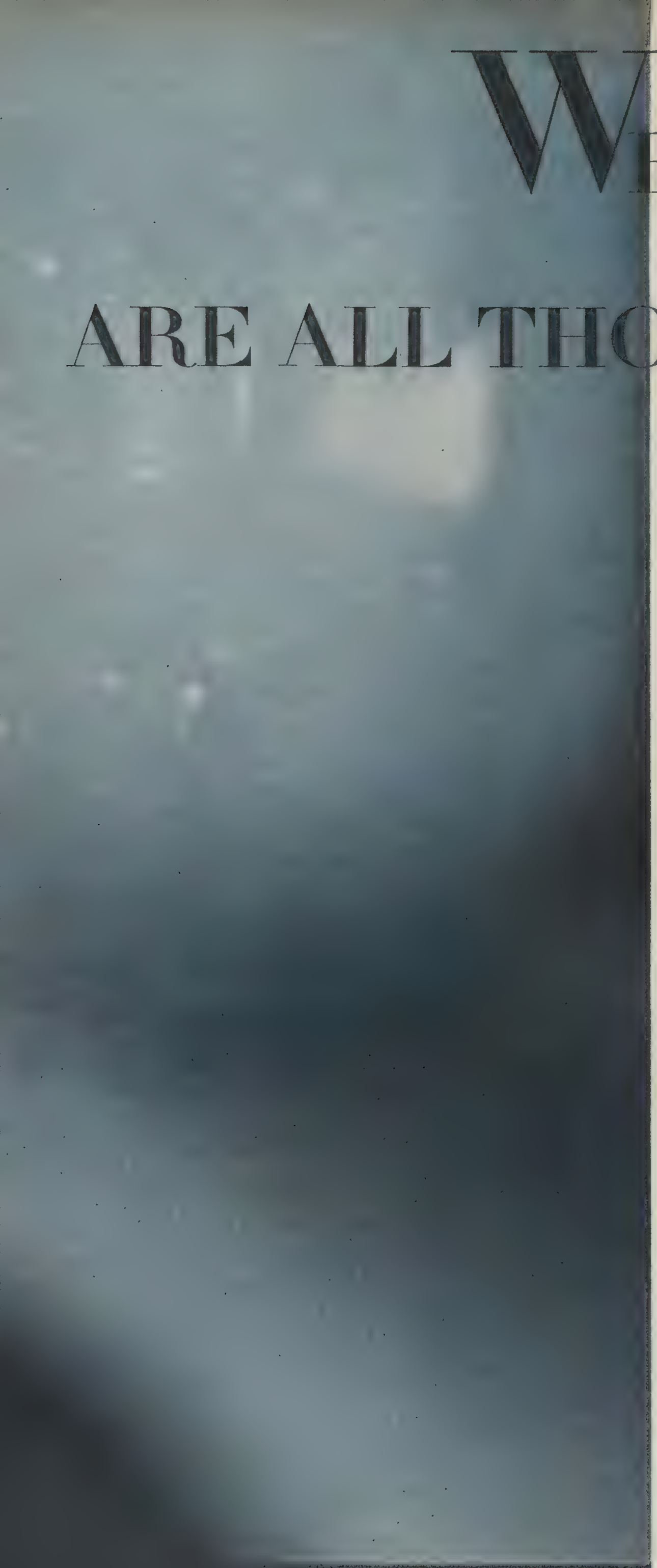
With all the alluring extravagant evening clothes in Paris: the small head, hair pulled in taut and smooth. And this flash of dégagé wit: a flippant burro's-tail postiche, the ends cut blunt, and a bowknot of lacquered hair pinned on at the side. All by Alexandre. Hairpieces at Neiman-Marcus. Hairpins and earrings of black onyx packed with rhinestones by Arpad.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1965

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: THE PARIS IDEA OF THE SMALL HEAD... BURRO'S-TAIL POSTICHE... LACQUERED LOOPS

PENN





WHO ARE YOU? AND WHO ARE ALL THOSE OTHERS?

Take a colour from red to blue... and reveal your psychic makeup

BY REBECCA WARFIELD

Red People are revolutionaries, Blue People counter-revolutionaries. Red People rush in where angels wouldn't and this makes Blue People nervous. Red and Blue People are the opposite ends of the emotional spectrum. In between the other colours are calling on *their* own. Rightly or wrongly (serious researchers haven't checked it out yet) Oscar Wilde decided flatly that "genius instinctively chooses green." And Winston Churchill explained without a quiver that "any man who wears a brown suit is a cad." Both thinkers were homing in on the premise that our choice of colour has the unique ability to disclose our truest emotional style. This theory which a great many other thinkers and scientists, researchers, philosophers, and psychiatrists as well have been at for some time, holds that colour is a kind of paint remover. Its choice seems to rise from deep within the psyche and bypasses the civilizing effects of education, the bend of environment, and the thwart of early conditioning. So the interior structure that colour reflects is more savagely our own than anything but our bone structure. Right now this point of view is zooming toward intellectual respectability because serious and sophisticated scientists are just at this moment coming around to seeing colour as an exterior force that meets the response to colour as an interior force. When this is taken a step or two further in proof, all sorts of science-fiction tenets will be able to drop "fiction" by the wayside.

The idea that there is a definite link between the colours a person chooses and his whole psychic makeup has turned on a lot of interesting people. Freud dipped into it, Havelock Ellis was drenched in it, Binet and Rorschach mixed a little of it into their testing. And over the years it has accumulated quite a bundle of international (Continued on page 174)

LE MAZARIN: 30.58 CARATS OF BLUE-WHITE GLORY

"Blue is not merely a colour, it is a mystery" . . . a colour-without-colour, pure as a drop of clear water, that burns blue-white at the heart of the greatest diamonds . . . flames triumphantly in the diamond (left) once owned by Cardinal Mazarin, Louis XIV's Minister of State. As much passion as jewel, it is said to have been hidden each night in a different place; worn only on the most gala occasions—its blue fires against his scarlet robes a blaze too splendid for secrecy . . . Last year, unset, its owner unnamed, the Mazarin came up for auction at Sotheby's in London. The successful bidder—in a white-hot duel—was M. Jacques Arpels, of Van Cleef & Arpels. The successful bid: $196,000.

THE BLUE BOOK

With dresses that flutter like black lace fans on the dance floor, something heavenly—something blue: naked slippers, vivid as lapis or sapphires, sheer taupe stockings. Covering and uncovering, left, black Chantilly lace with a wide, almost waist-deep V of bareness; sleeves that lie like shadows of flowers on the arms; a skirt without a moment's stillness—two tiers, restless and flounced. Dress by Paul Parnes, of nylon lace; about $215 at De Pinna; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Jack Gilbert bracelets: Best & Co. Castlecliff earrings. One shoulder bared, right, by a little black lace skimp and its veil-of-lace toga; all caught up in a bunch of organdie flowers. By Frank Adams for Junior Accent; lace of rayon and acetate. About $40 at Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Dayton's. Charles Elkaim organdie flowers; at Bonwit Teller. On these six pages: slippers—bright blue silk and strippy—by Julianelli; stockings by Gotham Gold Stripe; the coiffures by Michel Kazan.

BERT STERN

THE SHORT BLACK LACE
DRESS AND THE
BRIGHT BLUE SLIPPER



THE BLUE BOOK

THE BLACK LACE DRESS... THE BRIGHT BLUE SLIPPER

Jet paillettes, left, flickering like shiny black stars on a black lace cloud...short, strapless, flounced, with black satin ribbon tied on an Empire waist. Blazing with big balls of fire at the neck...strips of lapis-blue slippers. Dress by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of Whelan re-embroidered lace. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Charles Elkaim ring. Hattie Carnegie necklaces. Three tiers falling, near right, from a tiny, satin-wound Empire bodice and, wide-set shoulder straps—a black lace dress with all the buoyancy and drift of a handful of petals. Dress by Dominic for Matty Talmack, of re-embroidered rayon and cotton lace. Big lacy rhinestone earrings by K.J.L. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. The dress, also at I. Magnin. Pailletted lace pullover, far right, rangy, lightly ruffled—a black cage for a bare-shouldered slip of a dress underneath, with the bluest strippy slippers. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of re-embroidered Whelan lace. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's. Apex Art earrings. Richelieu bracelet.

BERT STERN



THE BLUE BOOK

THE BRIGHT BLUE SLIPPER FOR THE BLACK LACE DRESS

Cascades of black lace ruffles, left, spilling from the edge of a deep, wide V at the back... Empire-waisted in front, with sleeves like transparent pinafore straps. By Malcolm Starr; Stern & Stern lace of cotton and nylon. About $145. Necklace by Jack Gilbert. Both at Lord & Taylor. Dress, also at Jordan Marsh, Florida; Neiman-Marcus. Mimi di N earrings. Wide, swinging, flounced on the knee, near right, black Chantilly lace stirring forever beneath a slender bodice... throat framed in an oval of ruffles... arms showing through slim, long sleeves. By Ben Reig; silk-and-cotton lace. Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Schreiner bracelets, brilliants massed on each wrist: Bloomingdale's. Transparent cage of black lace coquetry, far right, a dress that foams and floats and flutters... never stops dancing—in blue slippers. High on the waist, a tiny belt for ballast. By Jobère, of rayon-and-silk lace; about $125. Jack Gilbert necklace. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Gus Mayer; Best's Apparel. Vendôme earrings. Mimi di N ring.

BERT STERN





THE
BLUE
BOOK

Blue . . . flattery's flag-colour—and great fashion now. In pale-blue satin or whipcord, in dragonfly-blue chiffon and winking sequins, in ink-blue Melton, enamel-blue checks. Pure airy blue. Eighteenth-century-enamel blue. Fiery blues, like the glint in diamonds. Oriental blues—intense, piercing, bold. Stained-glass blues. Flower blues. Lapis. Sapphire. Blue for everyone this season, and wonderful things for blue. . . . White ermine and white mink for bright blue; a white ermine stock in the black Persian collar of a deep-blue coat. . . . Silvery grey, as in squirrel, lining a small coat of sky-blue twill—with a white ermine cap, white kid gloves. . . . Dove-grey leather gloves for enamel-blue, Bristol-blue. . . . A pale-mocha jersey dress, and brown suède shoes, for a navy-blue coat. . . . A chinchilla wind-sock for pale sea-blues. . . . Grey pearls and emeralds, flashing for strong blues. . . . Sable for all blues. . . . And cheers for all blues—the flatterers. Blue build-up—sparkle on film, above. Brilliant in Bristol blue, a silk chiffon dress with small strapless top, a short cloud of skirt; under a one-shoulder top of blue sequins. To add, in the same blue—a double-faced satin jacket with long sleeves, not shown. By Dominic for Matty Talmack; at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Lilija earrings. Coiffure by Kenneth. Enamel blue, white mink, opposite. With a lining and lunar hood of white mink and a belted blouse of white moire—le blue juste: a suit of bright enamel-blue wool with double-breasted jacket, slot-seamed panel, narrow skirt. By David Kidd for Jablow; lining of white-dyed mink. Hood by Amrose, of "Jasmine," Emba natural white mink. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit, also at Sakowitz. Sandor Goldberger earrings. Tréfousse gloves.

THE BIG FLATTERY IN AMERICAN FASHION

BERT STERN





THE BLUE BOOK

NAVY COAT WITH BLACK PERSIAN LAMB...CHECKS WITH A FLY FRONT

Ink-navy coat, left, a beautiful deep glow of blue now, smart as a whip with the snap of a black Persian lamb collar and cuffs, flashes of white. Narrow, double-breasted, with a pleated back, made—with all of a tailor's precision—of English wool Melton cloth with a soft flat nap. By Ben Zuckerman. Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Emily Wetherby stock. Hat by John Frederics. Brightest blue checks, opposite, woven of thick spongy wool threads of clear enamel blue, strong navy—one of the great new fly-front coats, side closed, belted very very low. By Christian Dior-New York. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny; Harzfeld's. Emme hat. Both pages: Vendôme earrings, Altman's. Lanolav gloves, Lord & Taylor.





THE BLUE BOOK

BACK-BELTED NAVY SMOCK-COAT... AZURE-BLUE DIRNDL SUIT... TURQUOISE COAT, TIED LOW

Navy-blue smock-coat, opposite page: single-breasted front, yoked back with a spring of fullness held by a martingale . . . collar standing up and away from the nape of the neck . . . long, slender set-in sleeves. By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch, in a clear-eyed smooth-faced navy-blue wool, $200. K.J.L. ear-loops. Both: Bonwit Teller. Emme hat. Azure-blue dirndl suit, directly left: cockleshell buttons on the small, double-breasted jacket . . . skirt gathered for action in a cheering, searing lacy-blue wool; brilliant with peanut gloves, greeny-brown shoes. By Dan Millstein, of Einiger wool; about $100. Altman's; Bramson; Joseph Magnin. Necklace: Amourelle by Kramer. The hat by Adolfo. Softest blue-turquoise, left, below: waist lowered, bowed; nice swing to the skirt—a narrow, double-breasted coat in whitened blue-turquoise fleece, becoming as face powder. By Zelinka-Matlick, of Anglo wool; about $135. Jack Gilbert earrings. Ciner necklaces, ropes of dark-jade beads. All at Altman's. Coat, also at Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's. Kayser gloves. Emme hat. The wools on both pages, loomed in America.

BERT STERN



THE BLUE BOOK

SHADES OF CORNFLOWER AND ENAMEL... DIRNDL SUIT... SHAPED COAT

The two bright blues of double cornflowers, left, nubbed together in the wool tweed of a dirndl suit with a small double-breasted jacket. By Handmacher, about $85. Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Jelleff's; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Aris gloves at [illegible] dorf Goodman. Adolfo's small-brimmed tweed ha[illegible] Blue blazing, right, like enamel in the sun—o[illegible] of the wonderful intense blues, here in double-faced wool Melton cloth. The coat, shaped, with a little collar, pockets slanted in a widening skirt. By Charles Cooper for Cooper-Couture, about $180 at Altman's; Nan Duskin; Carson Pirie Scott; Frederick & Nelson. Emme hat. Both pages: Star of Siam necklace, earrings. Henri Bendel.

BERT STERN



THE BLUE BOOK

THE BLUE-STREAK KNIT... DIRNDLED NAVY SUIT... HEAVENLY-BLUE COAT, YOKED

Knitted blue streak, left: small, sleeveless dress like a brush-stroke of pure cobalt-blue; curved seaming. By Hannah Troy, in textured knitted wool by Burl-Craft Knitters. About $90; at Lord & Taylor; Himelhoch's; L. S. Ayres; Joseph Magnin. Schreiner earrings; Bloomingdale's. Hattie Carnegie hat. Viola Weinberger gloves. Dirndl-skirted suit, in deep purpled navy, above—bright metallic buttons lighting the small jacket and cigarette-slim sleeves. Suit by Barberini, in Orlon and viscose rayon (Stevens fabric). About $90. Bloomingdale's; Furchgott's, Jacksonville. Laguna earrings. Emme hat.

Yoked-back coat, in heavenly blue, right: smooth azure-blue wool, double-breasted, collarless, with a riffle of shirring across the back. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan, in Lesur wool. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's. Hattie Carnegie white mink helmet. Viola Weinberger gloves: Bloomingdale's.

BERT STERN

THE BLUE BOOK

GLEAMS OF ENAMEL BLUE: THE SMOCK-DRESS... THE FUR-LINED TURNOUT... THE ANYTHING GOES COAT

Smallest smock-dress, brightest blue, right: an easy little fall of smooth enamel-blue wool jersey, cut like a child's painting-smock—gathered onto a high yoke, with two low-slung pockets. By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch, in Wyner wool jersey. About $145. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin. Marvella earrings and bracelets. Amrose hat.

Enamel blue turned out over white mink, below. Like snow against bright-blue winter sky—white mink lining a narrow double-breasted coat of enamel-blue wool. Small matching dress underneath. Turnout by Frechtel, of diagonal-weave Anglo wool; lining of bleached white mink sides. Sandor Goldberger earrings. Robert Originals ring. Halston hat (to order). All at Bergdorf Goodman. Costume, also at Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb.

Anything Goes coat, double-breasted, trenchy, far right. A coat that makes its own blue skies—enamel-blue poplin, cut with a trench-coat dash, lit by the gleam of rhinestone buttons. Racy, cut-out walking shoes of brown suède would be terrific with it. . . . Coat by Originala, of cotton poplin with Zelan water-repellent finish. About $200. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. All, Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat, also Rich's; Frost Bros. Marvella earrings. Coiffure: Ara Gallant of Garrison-Ramon.



HELMUT NEWTON



THE BLUE BOOK

PALE-SEA DRESS
PALE-SKY SUIT



The palest swirl of seafoam—a blue delicacy, left, in soft wool basketweave that makes a dress with tiny cap sleeves, a draped panel buttoned very low at the back . . . the front simply zipped. By Donald Brooks; about $145. Sandor Goldberger earrings. Amrose grey fur windstock These and the dress at Henri Bendel. The dress, also at Nan Duskin. The clearest of pale-sky suits, right, sparked with what's great for blues now: white. The suit, of soft flat wool, shaped to a narrow jacket with mandarin collar, and braid buttons, a gently gathered skirt. By Seymour Fox. Echo scarf. Mimi di N earrings. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit: Halle Bros.; Gus Mayer; Dayton's. White hat by Miss Alice. Both pages: Fuchs gloves, at Henri Bendel. Suit, and the dress at left, of Anglo wool, loomed in America.

HELMUT NEWTON





THE BLUE BOOK

SEA-BLUE, SLASHED IN BACK; CRYSTAL ICING ON BLUE; THE LAPIS TRENCH COAT

Opened back, bell of skirt, far left: sea-blue dress with a long, open slash in back, held by two bows. Belled skirt for dancing. By Nat Kaplan, in Hurel-TSM fabric of Celanese acetate-cotton-nylon; about $125. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings by Joseph Mazer. Coiffure by Sebou of House of Revlon. Shimmer of beading, folded skirt, left: embroidered crystals sparkling on ice-blue. . . . Sweep of skirt, folded around a deep inverted pleat. By Gothé, in silk and wool (Couleur fabric). Rings, here and far left: Jack Gilbert. All, Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus. Mimi di N earrings. Coiffure by Marc Sinclaire. The velveteen trench coat at night, above: bright lapis-blue to belt over a small white satin dress for little evenings, the theatre. By Branell, in cotton velveteen; about $145. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Stern & Mann. Necklaces by Pakula. Aris gloves. Coiffure, Sebou of House of Revlon. Hair pieces, both pages: Alfredo of Via Veneto.

BERT STERN



THE BLUE BOOK

LONG EVENING BLUES... FLASH OF YELLOW... GLEAM OF SABLE

Turquoise satin coat swept open, far left, over a light-shaft of jonquil yellow...crystal-blue bands at neck and hem. By Harold Levine; Hurel-TSM satin of Celanese acetate, cotton, nylon. Schreiner earrings. All at Bonwit Teller. Costume: Woodward & Lothrop; Gus Mayer; Montaldo's. Powdered blue and sable, near left: the long evening suit in thin wool. Sabled jacket over a narrow bias dress. Pattullo-Jo Copeland; Anglo wool loomed in America. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Frost Bros. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Kenneth coiffure. A pale widening ribbon of ice-blue satin, right, bare shoulders in a soft curve of shawl caught with brilliants. Adele Simpson; Hurel-TSM satin of Celanese acetate, cotton, nylon. About $235. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin. Schreiner jewellery. Here, far left: coiffures, Marc Sinclaire, Femina; Fashion Tress hairpieces.



THE BLUE BOOK

LIGHT-STRUCK BLUES... WITH BLACK LACE... WITH WHITE MINK

The shawl dress, turquoise and black lace, left: a bolt of blue-turquoise faille in a curve of lace-edged shawl, falls full to a black-lace hem. Mollie Parnis; Staron silk. De Pinna; Julius Garfinckel; Stanley Korshak; Neiman-Marcus. K.J.L. earrings. Evins shoes. Coiffure: Michel Kazan. Versailles blue for dinner, above: pale two-piece dress in thin wool crêpe—shaped overblouse with a low soft bow where the skirt breaks into fullness. Teal Traina; Ordelaine wool. About $145. Dress, hat: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Halle Bros.; Sakowitz. Schreiner pin nestled in a white mink hat by Amrose. Oleg Cassini necklace. Martingale coat of polished blue flowers, right: short, double-breasted; with a dress to match . . . cascading white mink hat. Abe Schrader; cotton and Celanese acetate (Opulant brocade). About $120. Ciner necklace. All: Altman's. Costume, also at Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Magnin. Hat by Irene of New York. Coiffure by Ara Gallant of Garrison-Ramon. All gloves: Van Raalte.

HELMUT NEWTON





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . At the U.N. General Assembly, Ambassador Arthur Goldberg, called a "militant dove" by a political columnist for whom another sort of diplomat is "a pacific hawk." . . . The legal spin-off of the voting rights bill. . . . In France, the non-political face of Cultural Minister André Malraux's trip to China, to organize a huge exhibition in Paris next year. . . . How, exactly *how*, Theodore White got the goods in *The Making of The President 1964*, and Alistair Cooke's surmise: "When the battles were at their height, in an auditorium or a boudoir, he was unseen in a corner, knitting on his notes."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In England, the new play by Peter Shaffer, *Black Comedy*, a short, delirious exercise for Albert Finney and Maggie Smith in making it perfectly, superbly clear that the lights are out when they are on, and on when they are out. . . . The kids who want book bags like attaché cases: the Harvard green bag is old game. . . . The book *Solitudes Crowded with Loneliness* by Bob Kaufman whose poems suggest the whole alphabet of estrangement (Angry, Beat, Cool . . .), yet have some fun on the way: his "Jail Poem 23" goes, "People who can't cast shadows/Never die of freckles." . . . A time-space capsule of art assembled in the exhibition "Through the Porthole," touching on three thousand years of wanderlust, now at St. Thomas University in Houston. . . . The candescent smile of Julie Christie in *Darling*, a film with a pretty surface and the minute alarming details of a painting by Hieronymus Bosch.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Europe, the attraction of *Loving Couples*, a movie directed by the cool, blond actress Mai Zetterling, who has pooled seven Swedish novels into a story told from three maternity beds, throwing a bleak, sharp Northern light on unleashed sex. . . . In Madrid, the nippy habit of the sixteen-year-olds who do discothèques from six to ten P.M. to get home before dinner. . . . The unsquelched glitter, two generations after the fact of her, of Isabella Stewart Gardner in the biography *Mrs. Jack* by Louise Hall Tharp who has used little more than chewing gum and thumbtacks to hold together anecdotes about this woman famous for her diamonds, her low-cut dresses, her Boston house Fenway Court, her extraordinary art collection, and her friends who included John Singer Sargent, Whistler, Henry Adams, Bernard Berenson, and Henry James who wrote to her about "this preposterously pleasant career of yours. You have everything, you do everything, you enjoy everything." Just so.

RICHARD LESTER—MORE BOUNCE TO THE REEL

Under his inevitable blue "student's cap" his face is Dickensian; he has acrobats in his belfry. Richard Lester, *opposite*, the supercharged director of *Help!* and the earlier Beatle film scramble, makes movies that seem to have been shot or edited from a trampoline. He succeeds by staying one bounce ahead of what's up. A thirty-three-year-old Philadelphian with basset-brown eyes, Richard Lester has a B. Sc. in clinical psychology and an English wife who is a choreographer. He plays the piano, composes, sang in a vocal group, worked his way around the world, ran up some British television (including "A Show Called Fred," and "Son of Fred"), tossed off a short movie, *Running, Jumping, Standing Still*, which won an Academy Award, and made TV commercials—a job he enjoyed: "It's a year's free testing of tricks." Curiously, the facts of his life, taken in any order, explain something, just as the delirious pastiche of the film *The Knack—and how to get it*, which he directed, explained something else. It also won the best picture award at Cannes. As a director Richard Lester has settled in—or has he? "You spend the first half of your life hoping the scripts will come in, the other half hoping they will go away; that's what life is all about." Right now his life is all about *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* which he is directing in Spain. In the meantime, back at the box office, runs *Help!*, a flaming non-sequitur of gags, lightly studded with pleasing, laconic Beatles. Helpfully, Richard Lester explained, "It's really a strip cartoon."

DAVID BAILEY



DOCTOR ZHIVAGO

AN EXTRAORDINARY ACCOUNT BY A FRENCH WRITER OF THE FILMING IN SPAIN BY AN ENGLISH DIRECTOR OF A RUSSIAN NOVEL EIGHT PAGES WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KLEIN

FOR BORIS PASTERNAK'S FAMOUS BOOK, SEVEN OF THE STARS LINE UP ON A SET THAT SHOWS MOSCOW IN 1920: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) ROD STEIGER AS KOMAROVSKY, OMAR SHARIF AS DR. ZHIVAGO, SIR RALPH RICHARDSON AS GROMEKO, SIR ALEC GUINNESS AS GENERAL EVGRAF ZHIVAGO, TOM COURTENAY AS PASHA, JULIE CHRISTIE AS LARA, AND GERALDINE CHAPLIN AS TONIA, WIFE OF DR. ZHIVAGO.

"I WENT ON LOCATION WITH ZHIVAGO"

BY VIOLETTE LEDUC

Is the Moscow of 1920 in the studio, ten minutes from Madrid, just a film set? Yes. There are streets, shops, signs, restaurants, a tobacconist's, houses in the Parisian style, the Kremlin, several churches, the equestrian statue of Alexander, other statues, elegant gas street lamps, Zhivago's fine house, doors and doors, windows and windows, door knockers. Moscow recreated by John Box, after eighteen months of documentation, has two main streets: the Street of the Elite and the Street of the Poor. It can be seen from a long way off when one arrives by car, it is pale grey, it is so peaceful in the landscape, the snow on its roofs is as fine as tulle, as soft as flour. I wandered for a long time in the two streets of a deserted Moscow, the wind was blowing, the sun gave out no warmth, the revolution was becoming organized, Zhivago was no longer living in a palace but in the wreck of a palace. This snow which was no longer falling, which did not melt, was at once realistic and comforting . . . a desert padded with soft white cotton.

I walked about, I retraced my steps, the stares of three gigantic photographs stuck on the wall of the Party headquarters followed me: those of Lenin, Marx, and Trotsky. The red flags flapped, the doors and windows kept incessantly opening and shutting. Not a breath, not the sound of a shoe. The city: a dream. The wind in the streets: the principal citizen. Curtains, more curtains, still more curtains, patterned with flowers and birds, fluttered in the wind and I thought of that old film *The Fall of the House of Usher*, from the story by Edgar Allan Poe, in which the breeze and the curtains play a big part. I enumerated what I saw; I edged around furniture and sandbags, ramparts and barricades, a little wall with slits in it, a frozen tap that looked like a guttering candle with its congealed mass of teardrops. At this corner of the street, the backside of a set. Oh, the sumptuousness of a forest of steel tubes! The backside too of the Street of the Elite. All the intimate details of the planning, all the personal effort behind the success of the builder of the city.

I raised my eyes, I listened to the organ pipes of architecture. Oh, forests of vertical lines, and, when I lower my eyes, oh, jumble of little houses in the Street of the Poor . . . to my left, a line of huddled buildings, a long stable divided up into stalls. I caress the wood of the stalls, my eyes fondle the ineffable beige of the houses, I wait expectantly for the breath of the ox, the gaze of the donkey, the piteous bleat of sheep and lambs. The men and beasts who used to live together have all gone away.

To my right, the extravagant disorder of the poor consoles me. Sacks of wheat, barrels, cascades of hoops for the barrels, a charming grinder for cutting up mangel-wurzels, a Merovingian wagon with four solid wheels like wooden moons, a dollhouse forge, a formidable bellows with gargantuan lungs—a splendid profusion of objects, tools, implements piled higgledy-piggledy on top of each other! Long may the rust thrive and propagate on the objects and tools and implements that still have life in them from those hands that loved them.

Will they film again in this street, will they live again, those angels who slept with their donkeys, their oxen, their lambs? Impossible. That opening at the end of the Street of the Poor, that plain framed in the pointed arch with two trees, solitary as a pair of lovers, that frank light is the future and it is the next stage of the film of *Doctor Zhivago*.

Our car, at ten o'clock in the morning, is driving along under stunted olive trees to see more of the filming of *Doctor Zhivago*. Trees a little taller than dwarfs. To our right, to our left, they are too rigidly stylized ballets, with the dancers' arms contorted in mannered, complex gestures. We leave the olive trees. A turning, the arrow sign pointing to Guadalajara is like a bird about to fly away. The wind blows far from houses, villages, hamlets. More freely, more passionately. We are driving along, yet our car is a battered rock, washed by the waves of the wind. Where are the peasants? Is it always Sunday in the fields? Why is the ploughed land unhusbanded and unsown?

Here is something unforeseen: a bar planted in an untilled field—a solitary bar in the depths of solitude—called "Playboy." We drive past it, that is the end: all the trees have vanished. But the sky offers us a fresco of mountains of a chillier blue than itself. The wind is still blowing a healthy breeze as we slow down and leave Guadalajara to the other roads. A crossroads, a conglomeration of caravans. We leave the caravan, we enter the plain, we are driving along a road indistinguishable as a road—everything all around is so flat.

Is this fine salt on our road, on the lyre of this vast plain, winter in a bridal veil, winter wanting to marry spring? "It's snow," Susan Train. who is sitting beside me in the car, says quietly, as if guessing.

I don't want to hear, I don't hear. It is a sea salt, it is Bruegel when he marries ploughed fields and ploughman to the fringe of the waves; it is the ocean showering land petrified with loneliness with the pollen of hawthorn and wild rose. We are driving more and more slowly; we are entering into the heart of a brooding landscape; the plain widens; the wind grows angry; we embrace the vast view.

The plain is beguiling the steppe. We get out of the car. The clumps, the heaps, the scattered bunches are men reading, chatting, gossiping, dozing as they sprawl about. I am like that; I love men tired, defeated, collapsed. I have my fill of them. The boots and the caps are tattered because they are worn to shreds, the greatcoats are deadbeat, the very cudgels are emaciated. These soldiers are not merely deserters; they are utterly exhausted men. And, for the first time, I am seeing the aesthetic garbage heap of a defeat. They get up, they lie down again at the foot of the wall, a little boy who is not from the regimental canteen is giving them something to drink; they are waiting for I know not what. Could it be the Hundred Years War? I turn around, someone is painting blood on a sunflower with a paintbrush. . . . This sunflower is the face of one of the human wrecks.

My mouth is gritty with sand and salt, the wind freshens my lungs and lashes my clothes around me, harassed soldiers come and go without looking at us; how old this war is with the stretcher bearers' armbands wet with tears. . . . Our car has retreated into meaningless distances, over there a horse is lying down as if in a painting by Van Gogh. If only this were a gypsy encampment! An old man dressed in a long greatcoat which hides his boots, wearing a soft felt 1965 hat, is leading other horses by the bridle while a small boy runs everywhere at once to quench the thirst of men who are reading dusty books. They are extras, simulating fatigue and exhaustion. It is startling. They are not filming at the moment, yet the plain is an adamant director.

I ask myself: why is this old man the one ray of sunshine on the scene? Because his incredibly important beard is incredibly optimistic. The wind that is blowing my hair all over the place does not blow in his. If vermin took refuge in this monument, those vermin would be named Abraham, Michelangelo, Joshua. . . . I am smiling at this notion when someone jabs my broken arm with his elbow. Yet another sorely-tried soldier, yet another grey face of that disastrous grey which appears when physical exhaustion prevails over the consciousness of defeat. Look, his forearm is in a splint made of two twigs trimmed with a knife; look, my genuine broken arm has bumped up against a sham broken arm.

Susan Train tells me in French that two caravans are arriving: Omar Sharif's and Julie Christie's. Nevertheless, it is a cart as old as the world which is approaching along the road by which we came, laden with the weight of all the wounded picked up on all battlefields ever since war has existed. They are going to begin to rehearse, it is rumoured. The calm nonchalance of the extras. The wind devastating a desolate landscape, everyone's mouth gritty with this dust, this sand, this fine salt, this cinema snow; soldiers and civilians meet and jostle each other in an open-air station. Nevertheless, the plain is more haughtily aloof than a deserted cathedral.

"Fall in, soldiers of Madrid," shouts, with accuracy, the Spaniard who transmits orders, in Spanish, to Spaniards playing the part of Russian soldiers. A regiment lines up. Their wretchedness is extreme; they are all good-hearted, though unhappy, men. Their feet, their hands are plump: yes, they are good-hearted, defeated men. The voice of an invisible man has said "Action!" without shouting. Everybody obeys the voice; they are rehearsing on the road we drove along. Who has drilled them, who has transformed them? They have become Russians even to their way of walking and running, of crowding together, of remaining jovial in disastrous circumstances.

Who could have foretold that, fifty years later, I should once again meet those Russians I knew in Valenciennes during the 1914 war? . . . Someone holds out a hand to me while Zhivago, turned film actor, mounts the cart and descends from it a dozen times, elbows his way through a mob of soldiers embracing each other. My eyes follow the imposing form of Omar Sharif while a Frenchman, Maurice Jarre, is talking to me in French. His talent is not one that gets loud publicity. He explains that he is soaking himself in the atmosphere before composing the music for the film. He has come over from California solely for this purpose, quietly, without any fuss, as it were on tiptoe.

With a Frenchman beside me, I dare at last let my gaze explore the universe of cameras, sun filters, tracks and cranes, of stopwatches hung around the necks of script girls, of the viewfinder swinging at the end of the cameraman's cord. I dare stare the huge electricity generator in the face. I understand nothing while realizing that I am in a world where the glass eye, the lens, is an almighty god. This time I saw who it was who has again said "Action!" without shouting. He says it with so much conviction, this mechanic in black suède ankle boots and a putty-coloured windbreaker, that it is an explosive magic word, setting everything in motion. Sitting hunched up, as engine drivers sit, his locomotive (his camera) is behind him. I ask why, by just saying "Action!" he can freeze or unfreeze a regiment. Susan Train explains to me in a whisper that this concentration of energy is David Lean.

I change myself into a butterfly when a face interests me. I am a butterfly; I alight on his face. This nose, this prow of tenacity, this wide, obstinate mouth, where have I seen them before? I search in vain while David Lean, in silence, prepares in his mind the scene he is going to shoot. He is so intent on what he is doing that he seems far away, detached from his surroundings. It is a proof of his passion. "Action! Action!" I have got it. That indomitability, that wide mouth, that forceful, jutting nose—I discovered them yesterday, at Orly airport, in a photograph of Johann Sebastian Bach.

Soldiers and deserters embrace each other with more and more ardour, the camera takes and retakes, Susan Train translates to me something she has just learned. Moved to tears by reading *Doctor Zhivago*, Lean exclaimed: "At last a film with girls in it. . . !" No girls in *The Bridge on the River Kwai* . . . no girls in *Lawrence of Arabia*. . . .

Julie Christie has just this moment arrived on the plain, wearing Lara's grey flannel coat. Yes, like us, her mouth is gritty with sand, yes, like us, wisps of hair are scratching her eyes, yes, she is cold, as we are. Her dresser covers her up; she stamps her foot, but not with bad temper. Julie Christie. Aged twenty-four. She is a child without a grain of affectation. A second ago she was stamping her foot, now she is thinking deeply. Then she was all electricity, now she is an exquisitely sensitive plant. . . . She has put Lara's hood on her head, her gaze is lost in the mountains which the sky has painted this morning. She is suddenly grave, enthralled by all kinds of possibilities in her future. Phaedra, Electra, Lady Macbeth, Andromache, Bérénice, Ophelia would gladly welcome her beyond those chill blue mountains. Julie Christie is empty, and she is inhabited. She is a tragic actress, I am sure of that.

Julie Christie is at the transitional point between prettiness and beauty, between fragility and steel-hardness. She manifests herself outwardly like a flash of lightning; a second afterwards she reenters the innermost depths of herself. A straightforward handshake—she has introduced herself. I thought I had seen every imaginable set of teeth on cinema. I had not seen hers. Wolf's teeth, wild animal's teeth. Her teeth: invigorating light. All the frankness of an open nature. Julie Christie was smiling at us, she was devouring us with friendly jaws. She has confided to me in French that she reads from morning to night. But David Lean takes her by the shoulder, drags her away, and whispers advice to her that no one else can hear. I too believed that directors went into a state of catalepsy, yelled and foamed at the mouth in order to direct film stars. I am agreeably disappointed. Julie Christie has gone off on her little heels; she is going on to the road we came by, into the scrimmage of soldiers meeting deserters. How grown-up she has become. . . .

Zhivago is walking with great strides in the opposite direction; he does not yet know it is Lara. Ten minutes later, a doctor takes Omar Sharif away. Could he be ill without giving us any sign of it?

2:30 P.M. We are beginning our lunch in the canteen several kilometres away from where they are filming. It is the first time that I have drunk grapefruit juice while eating (while eating what? I have come to Madrid without any teeth). The (Continued on page 120)



OMAR SHARIF, HANDSOME, POWERFUL, AS DR. YURA ZHIVAGO. HUSBAND OF TONIA. LOVER OF LARA. HE SEES THE REVOLUTION OF 1905, WORLD WAR I, AND THE WAR BETWEEN THE RUSSIAN REDS AND WHITES.



GERALDINE CHAPLIN, TENDER, BEAUTIFUL, AS MADAME ZHIVAGO, HERE IN A MOSCOW SCENE, THE STREET SANDBAGGED, WITH, IN THE BACKGROUND, IMPOSING PORTRAITS OF THE COMMUNIST LEADERS MARX, LENIN, AND TROTSKY.

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO



"AT LAST A FILM WITH GIRLS IN IT," SHOUTED DAVID LEAN, THE DIRECTOR OF "DOCTOR ZHIVAGO," THE MAKER OF "THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI" AND OF "LAWRENCE OF ARABIA."

place on my right is empty; someone strides over the bench. It is Omar Sharif in great black boots, dressed entirely in black. If anyone had told me, last year in Vaucluse, that I should lunch with Doctor Zhivago . . . that is what it is to live. What astonished me most? The radiance of Omar Sharif's face. His face is a reflector that reflects the most beautiful, shimmering simplicity. His eyes are immense. There is ardour in his eyes, and tranquillity. He is strange and extremely reassuring.

Sharif never gets impatient. He lends—I have lost count of the number of times, it is infinite—his face to the makeup expert, his hair to the hairdresser, his intelligence and sensibility to David Lean. Totally dispossessed of himself. Accepting it with his usual grace. He sacrifices the whole of himself, he dies in order to live by what the director breathes into him. He was stretching out his neck, his eyes closed, to give his forehead, his eyes, his lips to the chief makeup man, his shoulder to the tailor . . . someone was mopping up the beads of sweat. . . . What I saw was an idol and a martyr. Actors being made up are not narcissists. They are sacrificial victims. Fame is a voracious deity. What does Omar Sharif bear on his shoulders? The aspirations to perfection of the director David Lean.

At the moment, Sharif seems to be preoccupied with a bit of string. "How do you feel after this morning?" he asks me in French, without the slightest trace of accent. I am mute. I am ashamed. He is the invalid, and he is the one who is asking after *my* health. I take courage, but my voice is hoarse as I say: "The doctor came. Are you ill?" Does he hear? He is absorbed by that piece of string. Now he lays it down on the table, now he stands it up on end again, now he makes knots in it, now he unties them. Is it the Emir Feisal amusing himself?

"You're learning tricks?"

He stares at me. He smiles indulgently.

"I am learning to operate. . . ." I understand. The doctor came to give Doctor Zhivago a lesson in surgery.

After lunch, we talk to Phyllis Dalton, the costume designer and colourist of the film. The clumps and clusters and withered bouquets of men in the plain are all due to her. Twenty people sewed the costumes for *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Doctor Zhivago* for her. Dressed in red, pretty, she has the modesty of a craftsman. She tells us about the great steel files that scrape the nap off new costumes, the living models who break in everything that has not been worn, the jumpers who jump on the bandages and armbands, the twenty-seven kilograms of industrial grease, butter, and soap that have stained and dirtied five hundred greatcoats.

Phyllis Dalton has thought of lining the extras' boots, because when they were filming in the snow of Finland they were marching in a temperature of minus fifteen degrees. We leave the canteen where I found it amusing turning on a tap to get a drink of grapefruit juice. We go through the village of Ribatejada, the sharp lights and shadows on the rocks, the walls, the jagged landscape remind me of the country between San Sebastián and Burgos.

We arrive on a plain even vaster than this morning's plain, already the wind is rising, the caravans, the technicians, the extras, the horses in lorries are there. Everything has been installed while we were having lunch. . . . I get out of the car, I say "Action! Action!" to some trampled grass. I promise myself that I will say "Action!" when I light my stove in Paris, and it is behaving like an imbecile.

It is a discharge of energy when David Lean says it. I become more and more curious while Susan Train becomes more and more anxious. She is waiting for Bill and Janine Klein. I am afraid of Klein, I am afraid he will crush me with his photographic talent. All words are negatives before I try to write the words that you are reading at this moment.

This countenance reminiscent of Ludwig van Beethoven, this bear—this fellow whom nothing escapes, who supervises everything, who is everywhere, who inspects everything, who seems warmhearted and tempestuous, is Eddie Fowlie, the chief prop man. You can ask him for anything, he has everything, he finds everything. When a child does not gaze as it should at a coffin in a newly dug grave, Eddie Fowlie threatens to nail a dog to the coffin. If blood is needed, he kills cows.

(Continued on page 170)



WILLIAM KLEIN

JULIE CHRISTIE AS LARA "AT THE TRANSITIONAL POINT BETWEEN PRETTINESS AND BEAUTY, BETWEEN FRAGILITY AND STEEL-HARDNESS."

PARIS... Fascination?—

Paris spends it like rose petals....For every rivetting little suit or splendid dress or fabulous fur there's an added flicker of charm to set the psyche stirring....With a magnificent dress of burnished pink, offhand coquetry in a coiffure of blunt-cut ponytails caught up with candy-box-pink ribbons—one on top of the head, one at the nape of the neck, one three inches below the shoulders....The Go for nifty tweed suits: charcoal or brown stockings with a harlequin crisscross of violet and blue lines....For a fragile girl in fragile white silk pyjamas: a naïve little coat to the knees of pink Mongol lamb, silk frills at the edges....At night, small square chignons zapped side or back of the head....A collar of shiny black coq feathers on a suit of crimson, vivid and correct....For the Lambretta set: a cycling suit with otter knickers....Madly innocent at night: yokes of sequins or jet on the simplest pale crêpe smocks....Paris revives the eye ...with pleasure, sweet and witty...with all the engaging variety and dash that makes the *vie en rose.*

Right: Snappy brown boots cross-ruffed with orange and brown embroidery; worn with a coat of dark mink banded on brown suède. Boots of Corfam, by Roger Vivier for Saint Laurent.

Opposite: Belle sauvage hood of monkey fur. By Revillon. Saks Fifth Avenue.



**DASH...VARIETY...
THE PARIS FASCINATION
ALL THE WAY...
FROM BOOTS ZIGZAGGED
IN ORANGE...TO THIS
MONKEY-FUR HOOD...
MORE PARIS ON THE
NEXT 18 PAGES**

PENN







Paris—From Dior, the short looperoo in smoke-brown Chantilly lace, *far left:* lace cage with a pannier of looped fullness flung to the back, caught at the nape of the neck with a soft bow. Straight, covered front...covered arms...lace revealing, concealing...fluttering in scallops over the knee. Dress in America at I. Magnin. The coiffures on both pages, by Alexandre. *Near left:* Black lace, the grand provocateur—Castillo's little black lace cage, falling straight from the shoulders over a tube of black crêpe...sheathing bare arms...all loose and deliciously alluring. Fabric by Dognin. At Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

THE LACE CAGES...
CAPTURING,
ENRAPTURING...
SMOKE-BROWN
AND BLACK
FLOATING AWAY
FROM THE
BODY NARROW
...FROM DIOR
AND CASTILLO

PENN

THE GLORIES
THAT ARE GRÈS...
HER BREATHTAKING
EVENING DRESSES,
LONG, SINUOUS
FALLS OF WHITE
SILK JERSEY,
MANTLED IN COLOUR



PENN



Paris—Winged victories of Grès: her unbelievably beautiful and seductive evening dresses of white silk jersey...like pure-white marble turned fluid, soft. *Left:* Her bare-topped dress in shirred white silk jersey...skirt of tremendous fullness, handled by Mme. Grès as simply as the fall of a Greek *chiton.* Blue mantle of rabbit's-hair-and-wool jersey. *Right:* White silk jersey flowing from shirred bands high over the bosom...the bands forming triangular armholes. With this, a stole of bright-pink rabbit's-hair-and-wool jersey. Both dresses, of Racine fabric; at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Coiffures on both pages by Alexandre.

GRÈS HOLDS SWAY
OVER SILVERED
PYTHON LAMÉ...
PALE-BLUE SILK
FLOWING WIDE
AT THE BACK



Paris—Evening yields to Grès as swaying, swelling folds are rippled, stilled, dazzled. very much in the new romantic *vague*. *Left:* Blue, black, and silver shimmering on a sway of serpentining lamé; the wide straight neckline high in front, seductively low in back and the sleeves narrowed to the wrist. Dinner dress, in silk and Lurex (Bianchini fabric). At I. Magnin. Coiffure by Alexandre. *Right:* Pale slate-blue stiff silk trained back to a great sweeping fold and galaxied with precious-coloured stones—jewelling the body in a panel of light; glimmered at the hem with touches of apricot and aquamarine. In silk zibeline (Staron fabric). At I. Magnin.

PENN



Paris—An original, both gentle and *formidable,* Mme. Grès designs, one feels, for heroines with much the same mystique. *Left:* Black silk crêpe moulded to the body by a simple—and very intricate—mosaic of bias seaming...high-necked... slashed away to bare the shoulders...a small triangle slashed away to show one ankle. This—of Bianchini silk—at I. Magnin. *Right:* New this season—the tricorne hem pointed to the ankles in front, short at the back...deep green satin spattered with jet embroidery, edged with dense crackling bands of jet. At I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. Roger Vivier shoes. Coiffures: Alexandre.

PENN

MEMORABLE EVENINGS
AS GRÈS SEES THEM:
DISCREET BLACK SILK
WITH BARED SHOULDERS...
THE TRICORNE HEM
DEFINING A NEW
PROFILE OF GOOD LEGS

Paris—The planed, angled, new-math studies of Castillo...narrow...brilliant. *First, above:* Triangles and bands of Persian blue on a short black dress with a high little collar. *Second:* Soufflé-knitted black with a burst of white stripes, bows at the neck. At Holt Renfrew of Canada. Both these dresses, sleeveless—worn over leotards.

Third: Big squares that spread into stripes, running the length of a long black and cyclamen dress. The top stripes around a high funnel neck. *Fourth:* On a long narrow brown dress, the linear emphasis of white in a highway-stripe down the middle, a flat bow at the neck, hem-length streamers. All four dresses, of knitted wool; at Bonwit Teller.

THE GEOMETRIC
KNITS OF
CASTILLO....
SHORT, LONG,
LINEAR, MODERN

PENN

DASH OF RED TWILL... FEATHERS SHORT AS EYELASHES...GAITERS AND THE SIDE-CLOSED COATDRESS...LITTLE GREEN SUIT...THE SNAP OF PATOU, SCHERRER, UNGARO

PENN

Paris—Patou's over-the-head coatdress, *opposite page, left:* muffled high in red wool twill . . . strictly dashing over white ribbed hood-sweater and stockings. Fabric by Prudhomme. At I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. Shoes by Andréa for Patou. *Opposite page, right:* From Scherrer, guinea hen feathers curling like eyelashes on boots, cap, cardigan coat; lining and dress of greige wool tweed. Feathers by Barbier. At Bergdorf Goodman. The gloves by Kislav. *Near left, and right:* Two snaps of Ungaro—reversible side-closed coatdress . . . twill, sand to white; funnel collar, raglan sleeves . . . gaiters to match. Moreau fabric. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Roger Faré gloves. Emerald plaided tweed suit—cropped jacket belted high in back . . . high flap pockets in front. Fabric by Forneris. Gloves by Kislav. Racy cropped hair twice: Vidal Sassoon.

GREAT CUTS OF VENET–
FUR-LINED POPLIN,
GAITERS TO THE KNEE....
LONG CLEAN GREEN,
BACK-CURVE OF BUTTONS



Paris—Venet's mid-weather suit of beige stretch-poplin, *left*, with knee-high poplin gaiters. A little rounded cape lined in red fox, with an arm-slash at one side; short wraparound skirt, side-buttoned; an earth green jersey shirt, diagonally buttoned. Suit of Dacron, cotton, and Lycra poplin (Bucol fabrics). The blouse of rabbit's-hair and wool jersey. Kislav gloves. Gaiters by Roger Vivier. *Right:* One of the distinctive cuts of Venet, in a clean pale colour, with a marvelous back—buttoned seams that curve from neck to hip, shaping a long curved evening dress of seafoam-green silk crêpe. At the high neck and long sleeves, edges of gold embroidery. Fabric by Abraham. The coiffure, by Alexandre.

CHANEL

THE TRIUMPHANT LITTLE SUITS: A NEW SHORT JACKET IN JERSEY... ALL THE FAMOUS CHARM COMING ON STRONG



Paris—Chanel is always Chanel; this year, she's Super-Chanel. The perfect little suits are more dashing, more adorable than ever...armholes smaller, sleeves deliciously narrow. *Left:* Navy-blue wool jersey suit with the snappiest short—almost bolero—jacket, gilt buttons, white linen collar, cuffs...Skirt belted, panelled in back; three knife-y pleats. Neiman-Marcus. *Right:* White wool rickrack braid zigging around a navy-blue wool jacket, wrapped skirt...Blouse of cobwebby white silk. Imported by Saks Fifth Avenue. Copies at Neiman-Marcus. *Far right:* Marvellous little Regency suit, with three buttons high on the jacket...skirt with concealed double pleat (Chanel wearers can *always* walk). Black silk chenille; white patterned silk blouse; black tie. Imported by Davidow. Copies: Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

HATAMI



NEW TRIUMPHS OF CHANEL...THE COAT-AND-SKIRT TURNOUT, IN BOLDLY CHECKED TWEEDS... THE DEMI-CARVED SUIT...WHITE WOOL, WHITE MINK

Paris—New sorceries of Chanel: *Left:* Fleecy white wool coat with white mink collar and cuffs, white chiffon tie ... coat lined in quilted white chiffon. Blouse and skirt of thinnest white silk. Imported by Davidow. Copies at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *Right:* Tweed suit in beige, orange, flickers of bright olive, with this news—the jacket front carved in ever so slightly at the midriff... Pinky-beige silk blouse, jacket lining. Imported by Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. *Centre right:* Coat-and-skirt turnout in giant-checked tweed, shades of pink, curry, pale olive, saffron...the coat nine-tenths length. Blouse and stitched coat-lining of striped chiffon: beige, pink, white. Imported by Saks Fifth Avenue. Copies at Neiman-Marcus. *Far right:* Nine-tenths coat and hip-slung skirt of tweed in giant checks of pink, charcoal, yellow....Sectioned hip-belt of leather, gilt links. Cobwebby pink silk blouse with diagonal tucks.

HATAMI



GOLDEN PICASSO

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON

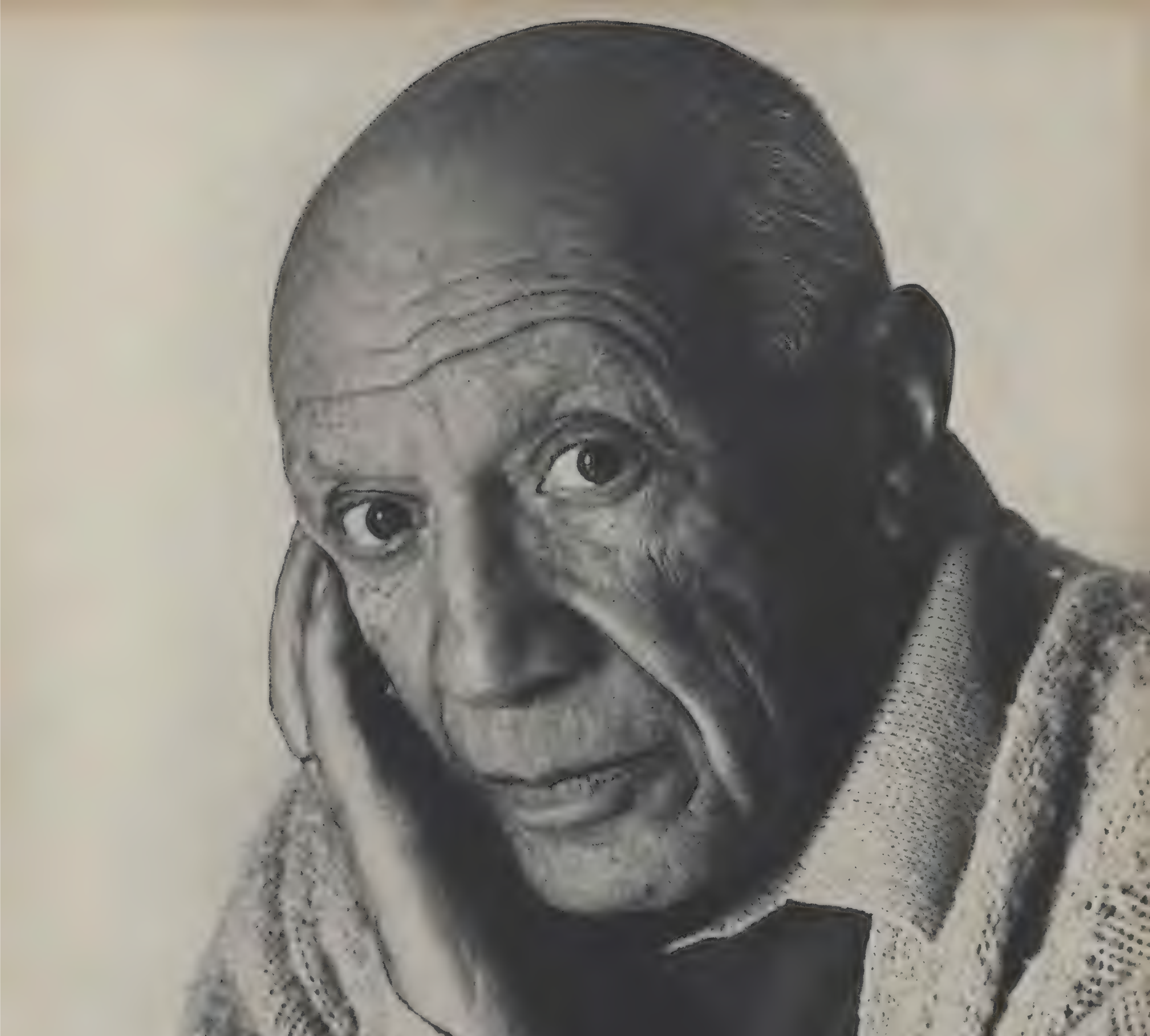
Pablo said: "It is twenty years since I last saw you!" A golden Picasso threw open his arms. "After so long we must embrace!" I kissed two soft, apricot-coloured, cleanly-shaven cheeks, and we made much fun about the passage of years. Yes, he remembered my photographing him like Whistler's mother! And being so interested in the "toys" on his mantelpiece. No regrets about dead or past: "We must go on—even if it is madness."

While I scrutinized him, he no doubt was also noting the change in my appearance. He appeared to be less of a bull-like man—more energetic perhaps, but slightly shrunken. Perhaps his eyes are less brilliant: there can now be something sad about them and they are softer, but the range of expression is more varied. Whereas before the pupils were intense black, they now seemed to be a topaz brown. Altogether he crated a symphony in sepia, beige, and mushroom: his complexion a pale cigar leaf; his hands, with heavy pointed fingers, were a darker shade; his teeth like old ivory; the whites of the eyes, parchment. He wore three woollen jerseys of oatmeal, chocolate, and *café au lait*, and his patterned velvet trousers were of cinnamon and snuff. There was a gash of green paint on one arm, and one sleeve was worn to shreds; there was a hole also in the black stockings worn with neat white leather shoes. (Continued on page 177)

MADAME PICASSO (LEFT), THE FAMOUS JACQUELINE OF THE PORTRAITS, AND PABLO PICASSO (RIGHT), RECENTLY PHOTOGRAPHED: "THEY HAVE REACHED A RARE STATE OF TRANQUILLITY."

CECIL BEATON

VOGUE, September 15, 1965





PICASSO:

AT EIGHTY-FOUR, IN THE GLASSED-IN VERANDAH OF HIS HOUSE, NOTRE DAME DE VIE AT MOUGINS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, WHERE HE WORKS AT NIGHT—OFTEN ON SEVEN PAINTINGS. HERE SOME OF HIS 1905-7 PAINTINGS AND SOME OF HIS LATEST.

CECIL BEATON

THE MAN WHO INVENTED MODERN ART DEALING

DANIEL-HENRY KAHNWEILER, STILL PICASSO'S PREMIER DEALER.

AN ARTICLE BY JOHN RUSSELL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LORD SNOWDON

People still think of art dealing predominantly as a matter of bluff and counterbluff, midway between gangsterdom and the artificial comedy of Sheridan and Goldoni. The great art dealer, in this context, is a flamboyant and imperious figure: a man who hires someone like Bernard Berenson as an outraged husband hires Louis Nizer, goes through the great country houses as Nebuchadnezzar went through Jerusalem, lives better than many a Head of State, and ends up with a seat in the British House of Lords.

At the bottom of all this is S. N. Behrman's dazzling *Duveen.* Duveen was a great dealer—no doubt about that—and *Duveen* is as pretty a book as has been put together since the war. But there are other ways of being a great dealer, just as there are paintings other than the Titians and Gainsboroughs in which Duveen dealt, and clients other than Andrew Mellon and Henry Clay Frick.

Were this not so, Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler would soon have run through the small capital sum with which his family provided him in 1907; and no one would have come, in any case, to the tiny shop in Paris near the Madeleine which he had taken over from a derelict Polish tailor.

Kahnweiler's methods were, after all, the opposite of Duveen's. He dealt only in artists of his own age whom nobody else was after. (Already in 1907, for instance, Matisse seemed to him too old and too grand to bother with.) He bought cheap, and he sold cheap. He never advertised, never did anything to get his gallery talked about, and he never went out of his way to court a rich client. Duveen dealt in reassurance, as much as in works of art: buying a Bellini was the next best thing to buying a presentable ancestry. But there was nothing to be reassured about in the purchase of paintings by an unknown artist from a dealer born in Mannheim, Germany, apprenticed to the stock market in London, nicknamed "the little Japanese" by his acquaintances in Paris, and just twenty-three years old.

Had the unknown painters not been Picasso, Braque, Gris, Léger, Derain, and Vlaminck the venture would, in fact, have been a desperate one for all concerned. Kahnweiler knew nothing about the art trade. When he bought his first Fauve paintings by Derain and Vlaminck at the Salon des Indépendants in 1907, he paid the full asking price, not realizing that, in the first place, everyone bargained, and that as a dealer he was entitled to a further reduction. He knew no (Continued on page 149)



EIGHTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD KAHNWEILER, A GREAT ADVENTURER IN THE ARTS, STILL "SPRY, BEAKY, AMUSED, UNDECEIVED," AT HIS DIRECTOIRE HOUSE, WHICH HE NEVER ALLOWED TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED UNTIL HE GAVE PERMISSION TO LORD SNOWDON. THE LARGE PICASSO PAINTING HERE IS "SPRING," 1956.







KAHNWEILER

other dealers, no collectors, and no critics. He didn't even know any artists, although he soon made it his business to call on the ones he liked. "People told me," he said recently, "that I ought to learn 'the tricks of the trade.' Well, I still don't know what they are. No one ever told me. I just had five or six clients, after a while, who came in from time to time. I showed them what was on the wall, and either they bought, or they didn't. That was all there was to it."

From this it will be clear that if ever a deutero-Behrman tries to make a deutero-Duveen out of Kahnweiler he will have a hard job of it. Kahnweiler in conversation is one of the great uncomplicators. Never will he admit to the inner conflicts, the ups and downs of fortune, the moments of irresolution, and the brusque changes of intention which afflict the rest of us.

"I've always known what I wanted to do," is the message that comes across quietly and lucidly in French, German, and English, "and I've always managed to do it." Even the tribulations which came to him as a result of World Wars I and II are passed off with a practised and an unrancorous irony.

What Kahnweiler invented in 1907, and what has been practised ever since by the dealers who count for something in the history of living art, was a new kind of art dealing. In the nineteenth century the dealer employed a liveried doorman to keep the artists at bay; potted plants and a Moorish fountain reminded the client that this was a palace of art, not a common shop; formal dress and the dropping of august names reminded him, also, that his host was not so much a trader as a senior human being of style and substance. Behind and beneath all this, acknowledged by all though never stated openly, was the fact that in the last resort the dealer was there to satisfy an established need and for no other reason.

Kahnweiler substituted for this an informal, unpretentious relationship in which a profound emotional commitment was the thing that mattered most. Where the (Continued on page 173)

LEFT,
FOURTEEN-FOOT PICASSO SCULPTURE, "WOMAN" 1962.
RIGHT, KAHNWEILER, IN HIS LIBRARY.

LORD SNOWDON



BEAUTY BULLETIN

THE FACES AMERICAN FASHION DESIGNERS ARE SEEING WITH THEIR CLOTHES

They don't for a minute consider themselves cosmetics experts. They don't expect to have the looks they plan for faces replace the going face. But it has become a trend with many American fashion designers to launch a face at the same time as they launch a collection. Those faces express their clothes one step further; the makeup on the faces is part of the presentation. And that in itself is news. . . . Designers' makeup materials do not agree. Interesting. Designers' makeup methods do not agree. Again interesting. Upon which everybody does agree: the American fashion designers are doing more face-exploring at present than any other group of fashion designers in the world. . . . What does this mean to you as a shopper? We think this. When you're looking at the clothes made by some of them, you might want to keep this in mind. This is the face that the designer envisioned with his clothes. A great deal of thought went into that face, and a good many clues come out of it. . . . Vitality, good health, well-scrubbedness: This was the premise of Bill Blass for the looks of the mannequins who modelled the collection he designed for Maurice Rentner. With Barbara Brown, a mannequin famously able at makeup (she starts any moment now as makeup consultant at Henri Bendel), Blass worked the routine out this way. Regular base, luminous powder, luminous rouge. Facial project: refraction of light. Therefore, petroleum jelly down the nose, on the tip of the chin, on the cheekbones. ("Certain colourless skin creams could accomplish the same thing," Miss Brown noted. "Or a really colourless lip gloss. But never either in the creases.") Each girl wore her own lipstick, definitely a colour, but not the dark, hard mouth of the 1930's. And each girl took care not to go overboard on her eyes since "Bill hates the top-heavy look of all eyes and no mouth." . . . "Let the men go bald-face. I happen to like, on a woman, a painted face." Designer talking, John Moore. All the Moore mannequins are blondes, hair short-cropped, teased in front, smoothed over into a pompadour, slicked back behind the ears. White faces, deep-red mouths; lipstick also used as rouge, placed high on cheekbone and up to the eyebrows, which are pencilled black into thin arches. All around each eye, a pencilled line of black polka dots. Grey eye shadow, bit of rouge on the eyelid, too. Petroleum jelly on cheekbones, hairline, mouth. Beauty spot somewhere on face. "We may have overstated the case," Moore said, "but we did it to make a point of the fact that we believe in the painted face." . . . Let's do something to really shock them," said Jacques Tiffeau. "It was all Jacques's idea," said Beverly Busch. Before this season, the team of Tiffeau & Busch had little concern for their mannequins' makeup, beyond the requirement that a girl's hair be short. This semester Tiffeau, disenchanted with the lacklustre mouth, pounced upon purple as a lipstick colour. With the whitest of faces, the smokiest of eyes, he prescribed a begonia lipstick. He switched his mannequins from the clipped, abbreviated hair to the long

(Cont. on next page.)

NO STARTLE JUST FOR THE EFFECT OF STARTLE, THANK YOU. BUT WHEN SOMETHING SUCCEEDS IN BEING AT ONCE AS APPEALING AS IT IS ARRESTING—GOOD, GOOD. LOOK AT LEFT FILLS BILL. BLUSHER THERE BELOW EYEBROW: PINK EYE SHADOW CASTING GLOW ON FACE, ON BLUED EYELIDS. ON COUNTESS ISSERLYN BEIGE MAKEUP. ALL PART OF THE DECORATIVE PALETTE OF ALEXANDRA DE MARKOFF'S NEW MAKINGS FOR A LOOK FOR SOPHISTICATED WOMEN (LOOK NAME OF "INTERCONTINENTAL"). LIPSTICK IS PLAZA PINK, FROM SAME PALETTE. . . . TO ORDER; TOQUE BY HALSTON. EARRINGS BY ARPAD; BOTH AT BERGDORF GOODMAN. PHOTOGRAPH AT RIGHT SHOWS INTERESTING COQUETRY WORN BY NORELL MANNEQUINS. ROUGED KNEES, ROUGE BRUSHED ON, IF NECESSARY, RIGHT THROUGH THE STOCKING.

THE BLUSHED EYEBROW... THE BLUSHED KNEE



DAVID BAILEY



BEAUTY *bulletin*

THE FACES FASHION DESIGNERS ARE SEEING WITH THEIR CLOTHES

(Continued from preceding page) swinging stuff. But the minute he saw the latter with his high funnel collars, he vetoed it for his day clothes. . . . "We've always been concerned about a total look, but particularly in this collection," said Galanos, "because of the silhouette of the head that we wanted to project. We sought to close the head in, to emphasize the eye and wash out the face. So we bled out the eyebrows to make the eye more important, plucked the eyebrows to quite a fine line, then powdered them until they almost disappeared into the skin. That gave a startled look to the eye, which is what we were after. We wished a mauvey cast for the face, and, to achieve this, we blended beige, grey, and mauve. Kept mouth quite pale." . . . Take four of this year's Coty award winners for fashion, a group of nine young contemporaries who received a Joint Special Award. Bill Smith insisted on bright, orange-red lipstick for his mannequins. Mr. Smith doesn't care for pale mouth. . . . Stanley Herman of Mr. Mort, tried, with his flapper collection, to get a look of high gloss. Cake rouge on the cheekbones, a glow that makes the eye the focal point of the face. Unlike Mr. Smith, he does care for the pale no-mouth. . . . Gayle Kirkpatrick of Atelier opened his show with the West Point Look, therefore made his girls look like little painted-soldier-type dolls. Very definite spot of rouge, under eye, on the bone. All hair strictly parted down the centre, pulled back from forehead. . . . Deanna Littell of Zacari wants her mannequins to look like scrubbed school girls, all with absolutely straight hair, either down-hanging or skinned back sleekly. Makeup rosy, pale lips but with colour; looking new but not spooky. . . . Lest you think we've forgotten Norman Norell. He started it all—the purposeful doctoring of faces to go with dresses. Since his first solo collection several years back, he has sent the girls forth dressed in makeup news as arresting as their clothes. . . . This year, Norell has turned to, as his mannequins will tell you in chorus, "a pale face, smudgy eyes, blushy cheeks, ears, and knees (for which, read details, preceding page) —and brilliantly red lips. Trios and duets of eyelashes. And a short, neat cap of hair. . . . The face has become a legal part of fashion. For the first time in its history, a Coty fashion award has gone to face design. To Elizabeth Arden's talented young virtuoso, Pablo, a special award for "bringing makeup into the fashion spotlight." . . . The facers of fashion are being officially recognized.

POUR ON THE LIGHT LEFT AND RIGHT, DIFFERENT MANNEQUINS WEARING SAME REMARKABLE MAKEUP, SAME COOL DRESS. MAKEUP'S NAME IS "INCANDESCENT," AND INCANDESCENT IS WHAT IT IS. ACTUALLY USING INCANDESCENT LIGHT BULBS FOR "SWATCHES," FRANCES DENNEY HAS CREATED A LIQUID MAKEUP THAT INSTANTLY ENDOWS A SKIN WITH ILLUMINATION, PRISMS OF ELECTRIFYING LIGHT. THE SOFT BRONZE USED ON FACES HERE: INCANDESCENT NO. 18. . . . PALE JADE SILK GABARDINE EVENING DRESS, GENEROUSLY ENCRUSTED WITH TOPAZY STONES, BY OSCAR DE LA RENTA FOR JANE DERBY. EARRINGS, LEFT, BY APEX ART. BOTH: LORD & TAYLOR. DRESS, ALSO AT I. MAGNIN. EARRINGS, RIGHT, BY ROBERT ORIGINALS. HAIR BY KENNETH.

PENN





HORST

VERUSCHKA—SET TO MUSIC

"I love to dance and I catch immediately, like I was—a catcher thing, you know": thus Veruschka of her brio plunge through Rio's Carnival last spring for Vogue. Jorge Ben, Brazil's bossanova rage, also caught immediately and set her to music—"Quase Colorida." The girl of the song—of the "meigo sorriso, lindo olhar," sweet smile, beautiful way of looking—is caught in a still mood and set to blue on these eight pages. Blue with black, above: a small petticoat circling the body in blue crêpe, circling the knees in black Alençon lace. By Parisian Maid, in crêpe of Du Pont nylon, silk, and Dacron. $13. Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's. Black mist, lifting, shaping the bosom. Underwired brassière by Charmfit, in tricot of Du Pont nylon with Dacron fiberfill. $6. Best & Co.; Hutzler's; Woodward & Lothrop. Beautiful Bryans tights. Blue with cling, opposite: a blue tricot nightdress giving new allure to the body—sculpturing the bosom, baring the neck and sides. By Grès for Cira, in tricot of Caprolan nylon bordered in satin ribbon. About $20. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Coiffure by Sebou of the House of Revlon. On both pages: Clarence House wallpaper; Georges Kaplan Mongolian lamb rug; Porthault scalloped blue pillows.



VERUSCHKA—SET TO BLUE



Blue, small to the body, above girdle on the rise—nips the waist, frees the leg. By Lily of France; of Lycra and Du Pont nylon. About $15. Best & Co.; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Leotard by Bewitching, of stretch Du Pont nylon. Altman's. Charles Gracie vase. Georges Kaplan rug. Country Floors tiles. Blue, smooth to the body, right: all-in-one on the move—lithe contour, light control. By Warner's, in tricot of Du Pont nylon and Lycra. About $11. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Meier & Frank. Coiffure by Marc Sinclaire. Fabric for walls by Brunschwig & Fils. Both pages: Clarence House wallpaper



VERUSCHKA—LINGERIE SET TO BLUE AND BLACK

All-in-two, above: two-piece slip—one part sheer brassière; one part girdled, gartered, skirted with pleats. By Vanity Fair, of black Du Pont nylon and Lycra lace. About $18. Belle-Sharmeer stockings of Cantrece nylon. All, at Lord & Taylor. All-in-two, also Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz. Georges Kaplan rug. Clarence House wallpaper. Body curve, right, above: barest brassière rounding the bosom high; briefest petticoat ovalling high on the hip. Brassière by Maidenform, in underwired nylon lace with Dacron fiberfill; sides and back of Lycra. $6. At Franklin Simon. Petticoat by Virginia Wallace, in tricot of Du Pont nylon with lace hem. About $12. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffure by Sebou of the House of Revlon. Porthault fabric. Charles R. Gracie vase. Tiles by Country Floors. Deep side curve, right, below: the brassière that welcomes fashion—with open armholes. By Nemo, in tricot of Du Pont nylon with Lycra insets. About $5. At Bloomingdale's. Petticoat by Fischer, in crêpe tricot of Antron nylon with Alençon lace. About $11. Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffure by Marc Sinclaire. Clarence House wallpaper. All-in-lace, far right: a flowering stretch-lace maillot clasps the body in a single stroke. By Jantzen, in power lace of Vyrene and nylon. About $23. At Altman's; Hudson's. Nylon stockings by Berkshire. Faille mules at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffure by Marc Sinclaire. Country Floors tiles. Fabric on both pages by Brunschwig & Fils.

HORST







VERUSCHKA—SET TO BLUE: THE ALL-IN-ONE

Ribboned chemise, left, with its own black lace brassière drawn to a wide décolletage, the Empire skirt plunged deep in French lace. This, by Van Raalte, of nylon tricot. About $13. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Beautiful Bryans tights, of Helanca stretch nylon. Brunschwig & Fils wall fabric. Wallpaper by Clarence House. One-in-one, right above: skin-toned control—free as the toned body beneath. By Gossard; power net of nylon and Spandex. $8. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Two-in-one, right below: the brassière, a new high; the bikini, a new low—attenuating the torso to fashion now. By Venus, in Lycra, nylon marquisette. About $13. Beautiful Bryans white tights, of Helanca stretch nylon. Both at Bonwit Teller. Two-in-one, also at Best's Apparel. Mottahedah vase. Everfast striped fabric. This page: Porthault flowered sheets and pillow shams. Coiffures on both pages, by Marc Sinclaire.

HORST

LINGERIE—SET TO BLUE AND WHITE

Widest pyjamas, left: bell-bottom fling of blue tricot, white lace. By Seamprufe; in tricot of Chemstrand nylon (Burlington fabric). About $7. Macy's; Rich's; Famous-Barr. Coiffure by Marc Sinclaire. Georges Kaplan Mongolian lamb rug. Ruffled nightdress, above: blue nylon tricot tiered almost to the knee. By Kayser. About $10. Altman's. Coiffure by Sebou of the House of Revlon. Porthault fabric. Blue-flower pantie-girdle, left below: twining flowers, the first ever to bloom on white Lycra. Girdle by Fortuna in printed power net. About $11. At Bloomingdale's. Lace-edged pantie-girdle, right below: one unbroken line of control bordered in blue stretch-lace. By Perma-Lift; blue power net of Lycra. $9. At Bloomingdale's. Blue-white set, right: brassière freed to movement by wedges of power net; girdle panelled by stretch lace. Underwired brassière, in lace and power net of Lycra: about $8. Girdle: power net of Lycra; about $9. Both by Olga. Saks Fifth Avenue; Woolf Brothers; Neusteters. Shoes, to order: Delman. Coiffure: Alfredo of Via Veneto. Stockings, this page: Beautiful Bryans. Both pages: Charles R. Gracie vase.

HORST



LEGGY YOUNG LOOK FOR KICKS

The knitted skimp, taped in blue, above: charcoal-grey wool with a high yoke and long narrow sleeves of blue-rimmed beige... terrific with polka-dotty domes on the fingers, more at the ears... lacy black stockings...black-and-white stripes to carry. Dress of double-knitted wool, about $50. Bagatelle handbag. Both at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also Himelhoch's; Sakowitz. Sandor Goldberger jewellery; Belle-Sharmeer stockings of Cantrece nylon: Lord & Taylor. Shoes by Charles Jourdan.

HELMUT NEWTON



Stencilled fur, black and white and dotty, above: black calfskin skirt stencilled with a whole galaxy of white polka dots...smashing with a black slick-of-knit pull...lacy black and white legs. Pull of textured Celanese acetate (Alamac fabric), about $30. Skirt about $125. Greta pony bag. Leotard by Bewitching. All: Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Skirt, pull: Famous-Barr; Sanger-Harris. Both costumes: Robert Sloan's Blue Chip Collection by Sylvia de Gay. Coiffures: Raymond of Aurélien Lintermans.





Philip Johnson, the dazzling American architect, lives part time on a wooded hill in Connecticut in one of his own most famous works—the "glass house." Instead of a house, I saw, the summer day I visited Philip Johnson, only air, transparency, freedom. The glass walls seem invisible: you think you can reach out and touch the trees. Simple screens separate living and bed rooms; the bathroom hides with dignity in a tower. The furniture is spare. On a table a dish of ice cream melts. Philip Johnson saw my housewife's glance and laughed: it was not real ice cream, he explained, just painted cardboard, the work of Claes Oldenburg, the Pop artist. I admired the beautiful kitchen set in a bar. "When I built my house," he said, "I wanted the kitchen to be perfect, but I forgot I could not cook. So I had to buy another house nearby to put my cook in. But this kitchen is very important to me. I can make my own breakfast."

We went out on the terrace. Below, I could see a pond, swans, a white-pillared pavilion that seemed to be resting on the water. When we reached the water, I discovered that the pavilion which seemed so tall from the hill, was, in fact, no higher than a man. "It is an optical illusion," explained its architect. "I call it my 'dwarf folly.' " To make the folly complete, the swans turned out to be ducks.

Lunch—cottage cheese, chopped peppergrass sandwiches, avocados filled with crab meat—was brought to the pavilion in baskets. We ate barefoot, sitting on mats, under a gold-painted ceiling that reflected the glitter of water and leaves. "I love simple food," said Philip Johnson, "but good simple food can be very sophisticated. When I give a dinner party, I make my menus according to what we have in the garden and the greenhouse. It is quite a luxury—worth each year thousands of bottles of champagne! The whole winter I have peppergrass. I love it, the taste is very peculiar. I also have tarragon and dill. Dill in almost everything. What would I suggest for dinner on a hot night?" Johnson concentrated. "Cold curry soup, then a jellied dish of seafood with fresh herbs, wilted cucumbers, and then maybe a Mont Blanc à la crème with candied violets.

"For dessert I also like a maple mousse with fresh maple syrup and walnuts on top of that. I come from Ohio, where the best maple syrup comes from. In the winter the syrup is boiled in great tanks. When I was a kid, my sister and I used to pinch some. We poured it on the snow and as it froze it became (Continued on next page)

PHILIP JOHNSON

A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD

BY NINETTE LYON

The first fame of Philip Johnson is as an architect who has gone through his Mies van der Rohe austerity period and now is enjoying himself even more with his special kind of Modern Baroque. He is designing for New York University at least three buildings and an extraordinary glass and steel galleria to cover three city blocks. In addition, he has in the works: a library for a small Southern college, an arts building for a New England university, a museum in Germany, a theatre in California, and two churches, one in Indiana, the other in Texas. Burrowing into the hillside near his Connecticut glass house is his new underground art gallery. It will hold his enormous and free-wheeling collection ("my things," as he calls them) of modern art, which ranges from Paul Klee ink drawings to the largest Larry Poons Op painting. "I have too many things to do," said Johnson, left. *Clearly this is what he enjoys most. The Johnson mind glitters and flickers like a million fireflies. He talks quickly, amusingly, is the best dinner partner a woman can have. He has been everywhere, and remembers everything; likes precision; likes the future, although he never forgets the past. He has just agreed to do a Memorial to Immigration for the new state park at Ellis Island. "In some way," he said, "I would like to use the names of the millions of people who came through there into this country. Not just the famous—everyone."*

BRUCE DAVIDSON

like toffee. . . . We also make a terrible thing in this country: sweet potatoes, called yams, with maple syrup on top."

"Horrible!" I said.

"No, marvellous! I love sweet things. When I was a kid, I liked ice cream, home made. I cranked it myself on one of those old-fashioned ice-cream machines. People don't eat desserts anymore. At most dinner parties, they just give you a fruit thing.

"You know what I find delicious which would seem very bad to the French? It's a big thing that looks like a sausage—grotesque-looking—and you slice it, put it in the oven for seven minutes, and out come the most beautiful cookies you ever had—heavenly! 'Peanut butter cookies.' Doesn't that sound shocking? What I can't stand is almond flavouring, although I like the nuts themselves. And the worst food I have ever eaten was many years ago in that famous country called . . . England. But I can't remember what it was.

"Still, it's nice to have the food of the country you are in. I love French food, and Greek food with everything in vine leaves. . . . Now you," he said to me firmly, "while you are in America you should eat only hamburgers, hot dogs, and chocolate malteds!"

But not, I thought, at Philip Johnson's.

Four of Mr. Johnson's recipes follow.

Cold Curry Soup for six people

2 tablespoons butter
3 onions, chopped
1 tart apple, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped
3 stalks celery, chopped
1 or 2 cloves garlic
Salt
1 pinch cayenne pepper
1 tablespoon curry powder
6 cups chicken stock
½ cup rice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Watercress leaves

Cook the chopped onions in butter until soft (but not brown), add chopped apple, celery, garlic, green pepper and cook a little longer; season and dust with curry. Add the chicken stock, cover pan, and let simmer for about ½ hour before adding rice. Then cook 20 minutes longer. Mix the soup in a blender, with lemon juice. Serve cold with a few watercress leaves on each serving.

Jellied Dish of Seafood for six people

4½ cups jelly
6 big or 12 small cooked prawns or scampi, deveined and cut lengthwise in two or four
1 cup cooked shrimp, tightly packed
1 cup cooked crab meat
⅔ cup lemon juice
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 pinch cayenne pepper
½ cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons tomato paste
12 black olives, sliced
4 eggs, hard boiled
½ cup chopped herbs (chervil, parsley, tarragon, dill)

For jelly, make court bouillon with 1½ cups of white wine or champagne, 4½ cups of water, fish carcasses, onion, carrot, celery, bouquet garni, salt, and pepper. Clarify with egg white. Add one package gelatin per pint of broth. Cool. When jelly starts to set, take from refrigerator, and keep in the kitchen while preparing the fish.

Marinate shrimp, scampi, and crab meat separately in lemon juice, cayenne, and Worcestershire sauce for half an hour. Put 4 tablespoons of jelly in a mould and let set. Mix mayonnaise with ⅓ cup of jelly and tomato paste. It must be very pink. Let set until it has the consistency of egg white. Dip scampi in pink mayonnaise and place in mould. Cover with a little jelly and let set. Proceed in the same way with shrimp, then with 3 eggs cut in fourths lengthwise, and half the olives. Do not put crab meat in mayonnaise but mix with herbs and more jelly. Add to mould. The top part of preparation should be pink, the lower green, the last layer will be one egg, sliced, and olives.

To serve: Unmould on shredded lettuce and serve on a round dish with tomatoes filled with wilted cucumbers.

Tomatoes Filled with Wilted Cucumbers

8 tomatoes
4 large cucumbers
¾ cup salad oil, sour cream, or yogurt
¼ cup fresh dill or tarragon, chopped
Juice of 1 lemon
Salt and pepper

Slice cucumbers paper thin. The cucumbers must be put in a bowl with salt for a few hours, then rinsed thoroughly, drained on a towel, and mixed with either salad oil, sour cream, or yogurt, fresh dill or tarragon, and salt and pepper. Scoop out tomatoes and sprinkle with lemon juice before filling with cucumbers.

Mont Blanc with Candied Violets for six to eight people

2 pounds chestnuts
⅓ cup finely granulated sugar
2 cups milk
1 inch of vanilla bean
1 cup sweet cream, whipped with 3 tablespoons sugar
Candied violets

Make a crosscut in chestnut skins, cook in water for 10 minutes, drain and peel while hot. Put back in a pan with milk, sugar, and vanilla and cook until tender. Discard vanilla, mash chestnut mixture with a fork, then pass through a vegetable mill into a mould or a bowl. The chestnut purée must look like vermicelli and must be very light. Chill. Before serving, turn over on a round serving dish, cover the mountain of chestnut purée with peaks of whipped cream, and decorate with candied violets.

We Are holding your daughter, THE madcap heiress. Do not call the police. Collect $500,000 in unmarked bills and cancel her appointment with the hairdresser.



Mr. Beecham sighed. Pamela was in another scrape. This was no hoax. That Royal Danish serving spoon was part of the new sterling service she was taking to Newport.

How proud she was of its handsome Viking boldness. Yet, even with its regal Scandinavian type design, it looked as classic as a Greek column.

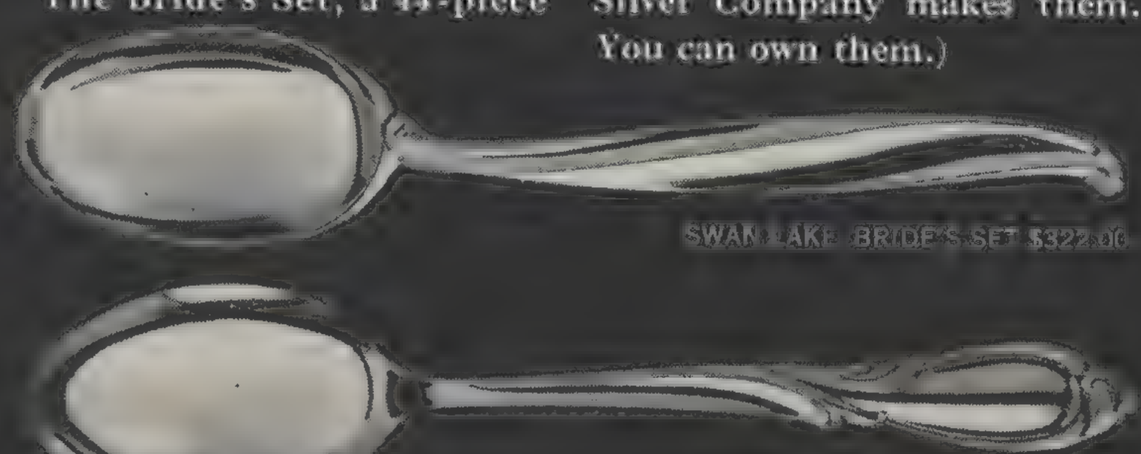
But, no sense wasting $500,000. No one could hold Pamela for long.

Nor did they. She escaped. Threw herself a huge welcome home party in the ballroom. And her Royal Danish sterling flatware gleaming on the long buffet out-glittered even the glittering chandelier.

But that's no surprise. The International Silver Company makes it.

The Bride's Set, a 44-piece service for eight complete with walnut chest, is only $356. It would cost $421 in open stock. You save $65.

(Some say the sterling pattern in this story was Swan Lake. Others claim it was Rhapsody. Not so. Although both are greatly favored by madcap contemporaries. The International Silver Company makes them. You can own them.)



SWAN LAKE BRIDE'S SET $322.00

RHAPSODY BRIDE'S SET $322.00

Royal Danish in International Sterling

The International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn. Prices do not include taxes.

All Patterns made in U. S. A.

She's mad for Central Park, The Top of the Mark, & HOWARD WOLF



The heather look in a split level sheath of wool, orlon and viscose. Blue, yellow, apricot. 3-15. $36.

FROST BROS.
SAN ANTONIO

Doctor Zhivago

(Continued from page 120)

One setback however. At Soria. They needed crows. Impossible to find any crows. Eddie Fowlie puts out an announcement on the radio. The following day, an avalanche of baskets of dead crows. . . . It was live ones Eddie Fowlie wanted. He would cheerfully shove you out of his way without even noticing you were there; you are not a prop. He is fascinating.

Equally fascinating is this poor girl. She was wandering about this morning, she is wandering about now, dressed in long petticoats, wearing boots with little heels. She is blond, she has a striking mouth, she could be beautiful, she is sensual; she almost makes you uncomfortable, her face is blank of expression. She has a certain talent, for she conveys distress, the craving for disorder.

She is all our moral misery gallivanting around. I miss her if I lose sight of her. Here she comes. In the midst of the plain. Rolling in this trampled grass which fits her like a glove, kicking up her legs and jigging about with "Boris," Geraldine Chaplin's bulldog. Extras and technicians, some way away, tease her. She does not answer, she does not speak. This bulldog adores her. But they have come to fetch her, and I am a long way off. Her job accounts for that blank look, she is posing in front of a camera that is not taking pictures. She is a stand-in, Julie Christie's stand-in. She is, above all, a character out of Dostoevski. The double. The cast-off clothing of the star. The shadow beside the light.

4:30 P.M. Omar Sharif, sitting between Geraldine Chaplin and Caroline Pfeiffer (Sharif's secretary) on the floor of the caravan, is watching "El Cordobes," who is bullfighting in Seville during the *Feria,* on television. I want to watch from the outside, but I can see nothing. The set is minute. That mass of faces . . . like a football game! This ocean unleashed; this tempest created by the voices of sixty besotted Spaniards in front of the entrance who are trying to see, who can see, who are appreciating, arguing, criticizing. . . . Hell, I shall go back to the Prado for the Goyas!

Later—they say that David Lean is waiting for the sun to set to shoot the scene. How youthful the light still seems through the meshes of the filters on the projectors. . . . Bill and Janine Klein have not arrived. Susan Train is getting worried. They have to shoot this scene in ten minutes. The tracks, the cranes, the camera are all in the middle of the immense plain. David Lean, sitting quite close to us, is rereading the scenario. The dilapidated soldiers of this morning are moving away. Far, far, far away, along a road. As if they had gone off to find the setting sun and bring it back to the director. Now they are compact shadows.

Lean has decided to "do" this distant scene, the cart rejoins the procession which stands still. With a last glance in the mirror of the undergrowth, the night, arrayed in all her beauty, allows herself to be desired before the twilight comes. The vast landscape opens to the night like a stage curtain.

Hunched up behind the camera, Lean stares at the picture he has created before filming it. The sun is behind the clouds; the plain grows larger. "Silencio!" A superfluous admonition. Five hundred people in the plain are possessed by the setting sun. There is a feeling of Napoleon and the Retreat from Russia in the air. Susan Train is told that Bill Klein and his wife are here. He has flair, Bill Klein, he is arriving at the right moment.

Five hundred people have been silent for three quarters of an hour, five hundred people are hanging on this spectacle that is always unique, never banal: the going down of the sun. One could hear a fly buzzing among five hundred people. I can hear something better than that: birds are singing in the plain, in all four corners of the plain. Free and careless, they are singing as they would sing above a charnel house from which the smoke is still rising.

Lean has an idea, he turns his back on the setting sun. He looks like a brooding old lion.

The sun sinks lower and lower; the procession in the distance is so solitary that it dramatizes the twilight. Lean gets up, speaks into a walkie-talkie, has a discussion with the chief cameraman. The onlookers are worn out. When will he say: "Action!"?

We shiver, we are silent; all the caravans have been deserted. The canteen cook, wearing a peculiar straw hat, is staring at the planet.

The procession of extras sets off again into the distance in an atmosphere of sublime desolation. The sun begins to sink below the horizon. When is David Lean going to shoot? Five hundred people are oppressed. The mountains have turned blue, they are hard now that they have been delivered from the crude light. Lean is still speaking into the walkie-talkie.

"ACTION!"

The word is now a storm which bursts and reverberates in the mountains. "Action!" Just at the very moment the sun is disappearing, when it is no more than a thin golden streak, just at the moment when the regiment of dilapidated men was turning to stone. "Action!" A command to eternity to stand still.

They are shooting; already everything is suffused with the twilight of anguish, the cart among the soldiers is as old as destiny: planets are greater than wars.

The scene taken, there is a helter-skelter rush of technicians, actors, onlookers, cameramen to the other end of the road, to the side on which the sun rose. Zhivago is going to operate inside the cart, aided by Lara. Night is bearing down on us like a ship.

Bill and Janine Klein are not wasting their time. Bill is taking photographs, Janine is assisting him, *I* am sulking and taking no notice of them. My teeth are chattering with cold and emotion; Susan Train advises me to return to Madrid with Geraldine Chaplin and Caroline Pfeiffer. Why not, since I have had my fill of novelties?

We can not get away. It is dark now, I can no longer see Geraldine Chaplin's beautiful eyes. Against my will, I have to turn my back on her since I am

sitting beside the driver in the car. Boris, the bulldog, belches, grunts, snores with an exuberant satisfaction. . . . It's odd, I find myself thinking of "Charlot."

We can not get away, they are filming on the road we have to take. With her long hair flying in the wind, buttoned-up tight in a navy-blue linen butcher's jacket, sheathed in the most ordinary blue jeans, shod in the most ordinary boots, Geraldine Chaplin is the reverse of stylish, but she has chic. The two friends, Geraldine Chaplin and Caroline Pfeiffer, are chatting pleasantly in American. In very low voices. Our car is plunged in darkness. I can not understand a word they are saying.

But I have eyes to see and I see three suns, like the resurrection of the sun which has just set. These are the sunlights: two outside the cart, one inside it where Zhivago is operating. Hundreds of people are watching the scene. I am watching another. The twenty successive retakes of one soldier who has to rush out into the darkness, run up to the cart and say, "The Germans are coming."

We return to Madrid after a wait of an hour and a half when they finished shooting. I like this white sun in the depths of the cart; I like the broken-down soldiers who are clinging, pressing about Zhivago, watching a Christmas crib scene: the birth of a cure in a surgical operation.

We drive along as we did this morning. Geraldine Chaplin tells me about the animals from all parts of the world that she has reared, without her father's knowledge, in a ruined farm near their house in Switzerland. She talks to me at greater length, and in French, of *A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* which she has read and reread, she talks to me about the film director Eisenstein. We reach the outskirts of Madrid at ten o'clock at night, I turn towards her to see her face at the same time as the city lights. What do I see? The sensitive tremors on the little face of "Charlot." It is like a hallucination. We drop her outside her apartment.

This evening the reels of film will go off to London. . . . Tonight the reels of film will be developed in London. . . . The day after tomorrow the reels of film will return to Madrid, developed in colour. If two minutes of the movie *Doctor Zhivago* have been obtained today, it will be a good result. The number of "roughs" a film director makes each day is fantastic.

THE MOVIE'S MAKERS

DAVID LEAN

Moved as much as the others by the love scene between Doctor Zhivago and his wife, Tonia, overwhelmed by this expertly proportioned blend of richness and poverty, as if the splendours might be swept away from us on the tide, as if furniture and objects might become seaweed and soon decompose and decay, I tear a leaf out of my notebook, I write, I sign a note. Before leaving the studio for good, I give it to David Boulton for David Lean. There is nothing secret about this note.

"Mr. David Lean,
I am fifty-eight years old, and I have just wept at the expression of so much tenderness."

GERALDINE CHAPLIN

Sitting behind a shabby curtain, with long strands of hair falling over her eyes, wretchedly dressed, Doctor Zhivago's wife is shredding cabbage on a table. . . . She is sad, she is downcast, she is silent. Zhivago raises the curtain, he bends down over his wife, he kisses her hair. They hug each other. Tonia Zhivago weeps. She is beautiful. It needs one little tender scene to pack eternal romance into one brief moment of a story. The crew of technicians held their breath, Tonia Zhivago's eyes were brimming with love.

JULIE CHRISTIE

She is not a flame, she is not a torch. She is a blow of light hitting you in the face. She never rests: she prepares a movement as others prepare surprises. She is a personality and, moreover, a radiant personality. Light as a feather but with her feet on the ground. Sheathed in a black wool lace dress, shod in ballet slippers with several rows of straps, stripped of all jewels, of all the load of them weighing her down

(Continued on page 172)



'PUSH UP PLUS'

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Doctor Zhivago

(Continued from page 171)

to earth, Julie Christie is sensitive and delicate. She is a dainty little poppet made of steel wire, Julie Christie. Her laugh, her fits of absentmindedness, her gravity, her sudden bursts of gaiety, her electricity . . . challenges to the dark because Julie Christie is light. Imagine having a temperature of 104° and being in excellent health, that is Julie Christie, and that is how we feel ourselves when we watch her.

ALEC GUINNESS

Not much sun, but he came to the studio in his butter-coloured panama, trimmed with a broad, black, crêpe de chine ribbon. His elegance—he has numerous elegances—is a reflection of his intelligence. Eyebrows like iron clamps over the liveliest, most honest of eyes . . . the gaze of a seer, a personality as attractive as a magnet. An ordinary man learns to act in order to become an actor. Alec Guinness was born an actor. Watching him live, hearing him talk is a dramatic experience. He arrives, and our everyday world becomes airborne. A man of explosive intelligence, Alec Guinness. This is how he explains sculpture: a Japanese was building a wall, he observed the way the stones fell and broke, that was how the Japanese learnt sculpture.

One day Alec Guinness gets annoyed with his parrot Percy. The parrot flies away and disappears. Regrets, desolation, vain searches, prolonged absence . . . one evening at dinner time, through the open window he hears the Scottish air Percy used to whistle. Could it be a nightingale imitating the escaped parrot? That air brings a lump into Alec Guinness's throat. He rushes out into the garden, he searches high and low. . . . The parrot is up in a tree, he is singing to announce his return. Two pairs of eyes meet, the parrot perches on Alec Guinness's wrist—and faints.

RALPH RICHARDSON

A minute earlier, he was climbing the frail rungs of a wooden ladder with gaiety and dignity . . . a minute later, without a quiver on his face, he is playing the part of Zhivago's father-in-law as if he were interpreting a rôle in Shakespeare. He is reading beside an extinct stove, his knees under a blanket, his torso upright. Then his face becomes wasted, turns pale and grey. Ralph Richardson is giving us the whole weight of a life. He acts inwardly. Suffering, endurance, coming down in the world is, with this actor, meditation. Yes, an intense inner concentration. The head of Zhivago's father-in-law shakes a little, not for long. That shaking signifies for one instant that poverty has no choice but acceptance. Entering into the skin of a character. I thought that I was dreaming wide-awake at the sight of so much truth, so much self-control, so much strength in acutely felt suffering.

TOM COURTENAY

His clear eyes, his dreamer's eyes attest it: he was born in Hull, a port in the north of England where they build ships. Under the cap of Pasha Antipov, the Russian student, behind the steel-rimmed spectacles of a young Slav professor, Tom Courtenay's intelligent face is still freshened by the wind of his native city. Alec Guinness says that he is an admirable actor. His playing of the lead in *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner* was a journey to the ultimate end of moral misery, a failure more courageous than a success. He is indifferent when you talk to him of this film he made three years ago. His face has filled out, his pockets are comfortingly stuffed with bank notes.

This romantic boy is proud of the flowered cashmere lining to his jacket. He does not talk about himself, he would much rather have twenty-four hours' leave in London than publicity. It is understandable: he is in love. But he has had to return to Madrid for a photograph, to put on Pasha's cap and wear Pasha's humble spectacles. What a change of face. He is not acting, yet he is unrecognizable. Like a pianist sitting recollected before his keyboard, which we can already hear sounding in our minds . . . and yet, and yet . . . the little boy from Hull, a port in the north of England, does not yield one millimetre of ground on this inspired face. When the long-distance runner got up at sunrise before the others in the dormitory and went out, carrying his shoes, with his awkward, slightly bow-legged gait, to breathe in the dawn air . . . all that has become famous. I see all these things again without seeing them. Pasha hopelessly blurs my vision. But the adolescent who refuses to "do his stuff" when confronted with a psychiatrist, I saw *him* again in Madrid, as if I had left him only a second ago on the screen of the Saint-Séverin cinema in Paris.

ROD STEIGER

At the moment, he is wearing the best groomed short beard in Europe: Komarovsky's. He is Lara's lover. Wiped out is the brutality of the bandit in *Rashomon* (on the stage). Rod Steiger used to divide himself between the stage and the cinema. He is voluable, boiling over with energy. In the film he is a seducer of young Russian girls of the 1920 era. Too correctly dressed to be respectable. Rod Steiger and Marilyn Monroe took the same course in dramatic art. "I found her very tragic. She was destroyed by the fact she was a symbol," he tells me.

Rod Steiger is bursting with vitality. He does not walk, he flies. No part presents any problems to him, every performance he gives is polished to the fingertips. He has just finished making a film of the life of a pope in Italy, he wants to make a film of the life of Beethoven and that of Thomas Wolfe after the important parts Tony Richardson has given him in *The Loved One* and David Lean in *Doctor Zhivago*. "I prefer working in Europe, they're more adult," he declares with an enormous American laugh.

TRANSLATED BY ANTONIA WHITE

Kahnweiler

(Continued from page 149)

old-style dealer did his artists a favour by inviting them to luncheon, Kahnweiler lived with Picasso, Braque, Gris, Derain, and Vlaminck on a day-to-day, hour-to-hour basis.

The important thing was not so much that they should sell as that they should be free to get on with their work; and Kahnweiler, by making this possible, helped to bring into being what now seems to us the last great flowering of French art. Once again, his account of all this is a masterpiece of uncomplication. "My painters just wanted to get on with their work," he said not long ago in a radio interview. "They weren't like the Futurists, who were always getting into fights. They didn't even want to draw attention to themselves by holding exhibitions.

"I remember telling Picasso that one of our most faithful clients didn't like his new work. 'So much the better!' said Picasso. 'So he doesn't like it. Let's go on till *nobody* likes it.' My painters were quite certain that what they were doing would triumph in the end, and all they wanted to do was to live quietly and get on with it.

"It's a curious thing, but today, when I have a large staff in my gallery, I never have a moment to myself. Before 1914 I had nobody, and yet I had all the time in the world. I could play chess in the afternoon with Derain and Vlaminck, and at five o'clock Braque and Picasso would walk down from Montmartre, and we'd have dinner and go to the circus, or to the 'Lapin à Gill,' and on Sundays I'd go out on the Seine in one of the boats I shared with Vlaminck. . . ."

Picasso said once that neither he nor Braque could have done singlehanded what they did between 1907 and 1914: "It took teamwork." That Kahnweiler got the team together was a triumph of intuition and fine judgment. That he kept it together was also a triumph, and one owed as much to a sense of human quality as to an inherited sense for business.

The "five or six clients" of whom he speaks so casually included Hermann Rupf, thanks to whom Berne is taking its place among the world's foremost modern museum cities, and Roger Dutilleul, one of the last of the great French collectors, and Serge Schukin who built up, almost on his own, the twentieth-century French collections which make such an effect at the Pushkin Museum in Moscow and the Hermitage in Leningrad.

Up until the outbreak of war in 1914, these people were as much a part of "the team" as were the painters themselves; and it was thanks to Kahnweiler's dedicated management that the painters were able to live a little better, year by year.

"Not that they cared about luxury," Kahnweiler said. "Picasso got it exactly right when he said to me 'What I want is to be able to live like a poor man with plenty of money.' " Kahnweiler first came to know Picasso at the lowest moment in his fortunes, when "Les demoiselles d'Avignon" hung, derided, on the easel and the studio in the rue Ravignan was in an indescribable state of dilapidation, chaos, and decay.

"And the curious thing is that Picasso has always remained homesick for that studio. No matter how many houses he buys, he's always delighted when a bit of the ceiling falls down and he can say 'Just like the rue Ravignan.' "

Kahnweiler's position is based today, as it was in 1907, on the fact that he has first call on Picasso's production. For one reason and another the other painters in the team dropped away after 1918 (with the exception of Gris, who died in 1927); but from the heroic epoch there remains not merely some of the most beautiful canvases painted in the twentieth century but an enormous fund of reminiscence.

Kahnweiler at eighty-one is interested in everything, as he always was, and if he has charge of the conversation, it is as likely to turn on Italian opera, or on anthropology, as on his own career. But from time to time he gives a measured and unsentimental account of life when the "team" was in full activity.

In writing about the period, he has so far been more interested in evolving for himself a neo-Kantian aesthetic than in *la petite histoire*. Listeners to the French radio heard, however, how Vlaminck once made himself a wooden necktie, how Derain was dressed "American-style," in checked tweeds, derby hat, and bright-coloured tie, and how Braque's elegance was so discreet that only the connoisseur could take note of it.

"Braque wore very simple blue suits, cut in a way I have never seen before or since, black square-toed shoes that came, so he told me, from Abbeville, and a black string tie. Picasso was the only one who wore the classic artist's corduroys and velveteens."

Such concessions apart, Kahnweiler is more interested in characteristics that throw light on the inner life of the team. Picasso, for instance, is rarely seen with a book in his hand, and yet he turns out, on examination, to have read everything with the most perceptive attention. "Even in the early days, when he hardly knew French," Kahnweiler said, "he had an unfailing ear for French poetry."

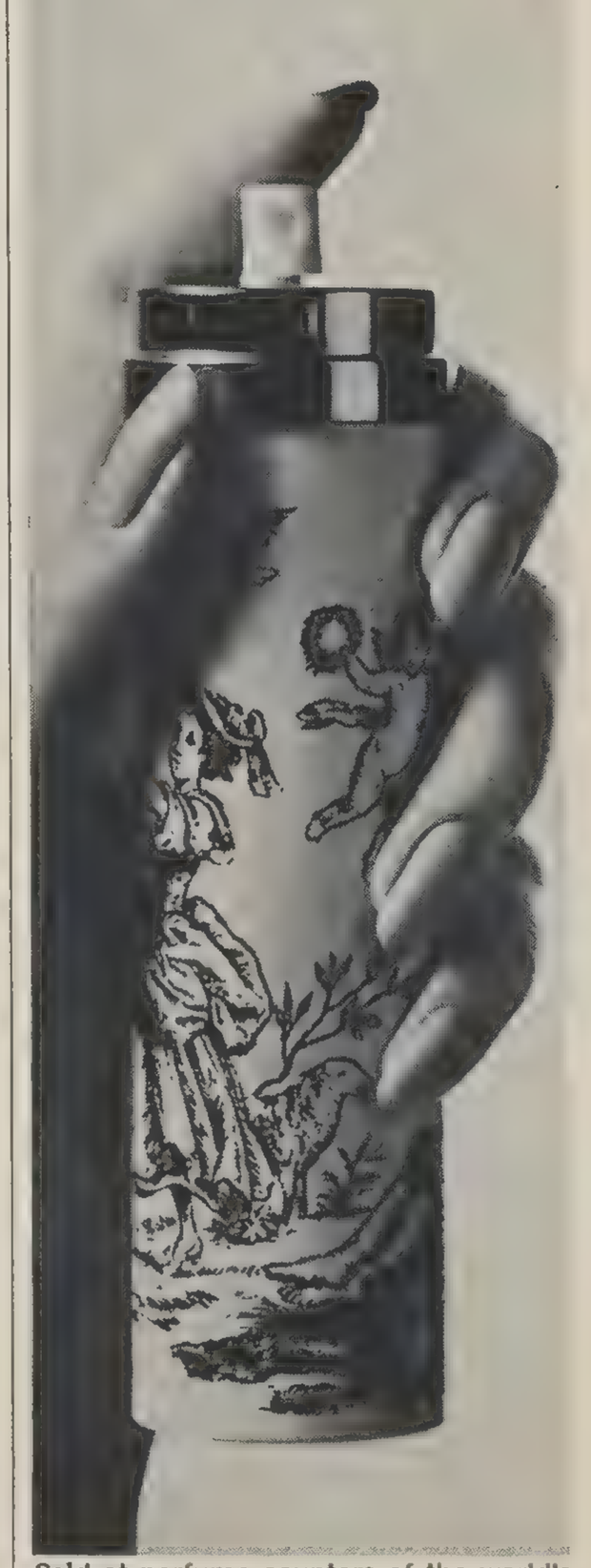
And Kahnweiler, in this context, knows what he is talking about, for he has had an auxiliary career, and an immensely distinguished one, as a publisher. Once again his activity does not follow any accepted pattern, in that none of his books was published in editions of more than a hundred copies; but it should be remembered that he was the first person, anywhere, to publish Apollinaire, the first Frenchman to publish Gertrude Stein, the first publisher of André Malraux, and the initiator of books which count for a good deal in the careers of Picasso, Braque, Gris, Léger, Derain, Marie Laurencin, André Masson, Raymond Radiguet, and Antonin Artaud.

Kahnweiler the musician (as a boy he dreamed of becoming a conductor) published Erik Satie's one-act operetta *Le Piège de Méduse* with coloured wood engravings by Braque; Kahnweiler the inspired traveller published André Masson's *Voyage à Venise;* and Kahnweiler the lifelong

(Continued on page 174)

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Kahnweiler

(Continued from page 173)

reader published in 1957 Picasso's eight lithographed portraits of Balzac with a text by Michel Leiris.

These books were not commercial enterprises, although many of them are now very valuable: they were ventures put together in moments of high enthusiasm. (Kahnweiler as a young man knew much of Apollinaire by heart.) The French cult of the *beau livre* applies as a rule to reprinted classics for which illustrations have been commissioned: Kahnweiler had to do only with texts never before published, and, often enough, with authors now famous who had never before been published at all.

The tradition was kept up even during the German occupation of 1940-44; for it was in Kahnweiler's Paris apartment, while he himself was in hiding near Limoges, that Picasso's play *Desire Caught by the Tail* was given its first reading, with Albert Camus as producer.

There is, in fact, no escaping Picasso where Kahnweiler is in question, even if it would be an illiteracy to speak of him primarily as "Picasso's dealer." At the entrance to his country house near Étampes a fourteen-foot-high sculpture by Picasso greets the visitor.

In the gallery in Paris which since the Occupation has borne the name of his sister-in-law Louise Leiris, the great event of each season is, beyond a doubt, the arrival of the new Picassos: sometimes a complete series, such as the variations on "Las Meninas," on "Les femmes d'Alger" of Delacroix, or on the "Rape of the Sabines," sometimes a miscellaneous group, sometimes an isolated sculpture to remind the visitor of Picasso's fantastic inventiveness in that domain.

Kahnweiler in old age has become, in self-protection and in spite of himself, someone who can be seen only by appointment; and the volume of business transacted by his gallery can hardly be less than that of the stockbrokers and the private banks with which he had to do in the days of his apprenticeship.

The forms of that business are, however, simplified as far as is possible: "If someone likes a picture, I look up the price, and he either pays it or he doesn't. No one bargains here, and I never make anyone a reduction."

You don't get where he is, and stay there, without a certain relish for the trade. One eminent colleague of Kahnweiler's once said to me: "I always know when he's really interested —his ears go just a little more pink." He is still tremendously active when the occasion warrants it. Towards most other dealers his mind was made up once and for all, I think, when his entire stock (it would now be worth around a hundred million dollars) was sold at auction by the French Government after 1918.

As a German national, he had had his gallery and its contents confiscated during the war. "One or two painters helped me," he once said, "and one or two collectors did their best. But my colleagues in the trade manifested an absolute hostility."

But if there have been dark moments in Kahnweiler's career, there is nothing forced or affected about the equanimity with which he regards past, present, and future. I know of few properties in France more uniformly agreeable than the one which he found a few years ago.

White doves tumble in the air above the long white Directoire house, the huge Picasso sculpture stands against the ruins of a thirteenth-century abbey, there is a touch almost of pedantry about the perfectly kept kitchen-garden, the gravel in the courtyard could not be more elegantly raked if it were a Japanese sand garden, and in the centre of it all is the master of the house: spry, beaky, amused, and undeceived.

His uncles were baffled when, in 1907, he passed up the chance of concerning himself with the gold and diamond mines which one of them had pioneered in South Africa. But somewhere behind that equanimity is the knowledge that, mine for mine, Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler's discoveries can compare with anyone's.

Who Are You?

(Continued from page 85)

researchers. Among them, America's Faber Birren approaches it with one foot in science, one in fantasy as he puts it, and uses it to amuse. Holland's B. J. Kouwer, who decided that "colour perception is an act involving the body as a totality" some time ago, went all out on the limb with "the fact that a relationship exists between character and colour preference has become evident through so many experiments that further proof is hardly needed."

Up until yesterday, the Establishment hardly agreed. So it has been lurking around in the underbrush, waiting for a breakthrough to In. Now *le jour de gloire* has arrived with a bang. And DOP brought it in. Suddenly DOP—dermo-optical-perception —has become absolutely The Go in the sternest scientific circles. It may even turn out to be the seventh sense. It *is* the ability possessed by some people—and maybe by most of us—to bypass the eyes and see colour—even read—with the skin; with the fingers, the elbows, the tips of the toes, the soles of the feet. An astounding series of conclusive tests made lately in Russia has won over to DOP such ex-sceptics as Dr. Gregory Barzan of New York who admitted in a recent magazine interview that "a year ago this would have seemed like nonsense to me; now I am so excited I can't sleep."

Naturally this Way to See is still furiously controversial, but the controversy has pushed on from whether it can be done—it is *being* done—to how it is done. What is this intimate relation-

ship between man and colour? Electricity? Opposing magnetic fields? A radiation that zooms over from colour to us? Nothing has been definitely decided but it's perfectly clear that DOP is saying in the voice of authority what the colour-is-personality people have been murmuring all along.

Dr. Barzan feels that "for all we know it (DOP) may be an entirely new force . . . that has gone undetected until now. There is nothing ridiculous about this idea. Since we have not experienced this sensation before, there is no telling what we may find."

We may find DOP making the Colour Connection theory so respectable that it will be dressed up in chic new clothes, handed some status initials such as ICCS —Interior Colour Communications System—and have the charm researched the hell out of it. So before the de-humanizing process sets in, while it's still gay, we ought to run off a preview of it on the home screen. From the facts that have been positively established about the powers of colours, from educated guesses, and the testing done so far, colours and people seem to match up about like this:

RED. The Oxford Dictionary describes red as the colour of "blood, rubies, glowing coals, human lips and foxes' hair" and that says it. The interior architecture of red is Baroque. Rich, rare, and go for broke. Mr. Birren believes that the people that red chooses are "outwardly integrated personalities," which is more sensitive and far more complicated than pure extrovert. In status language these people operate in "an intimate relationship with the outwardly perceptible world. They are receptive and open to outside influence. They seem to submerge themselves rather freely in their environment. Their emotional life is characterized by warm feelings, suggestibility and strong affects. All mental functions are rather rapid and highly integrated with each other. In the subject-object relationship, the emphasis is on the object."

The instantaneous English translation might read: Red People think of life as an audience-participation program and are in there every minute. They listen to news, views, problems—and they hear. They can be swayed. They care and have more than enough caring to go around. Swiftly elated and swiftly depressed, they are moved by things, people, and situations. With them, thought is action. In love they are more often, and would rather be, the loving than the loved.

BLUE. It's been said that blue is more than merely a colour; it is a mystery and that's the way the Blue People play it, very close to the vest. Their inside architectural pattern is Classic and they like to put on an imperturbable façade. These planned personalities find it extremely hard to express themselves but give the impression that they simply do not choose to speak, react to the tumult and the shouting of the Red People with pained silence. They are emotionally controlled all the way because they are inwardly integrated. In other words, they never forget where they're going (usually up) and know just where the arrows are coming from. People instinctively drawn to blue, according to one psychologist, have "a detached, split-off attitude to the world around them." The world that engages their interest is their own world and with their family and their friends, they bloom. They simply aren't distracted by random concern for other people's affairs and can be involved in a world-wide scheme only if it mirrors their own inner logic. In the subject-object relationship the emphasis is on the subject, which works out to mean terrific powers of concentration and a tough, quiet will to win. George Washington and Benjamin Franklin were Blue People and classic examples.

YELLOW. Yellow will surprise you. In this inside system, yellow doesn't have the ordinary connotations. Yellow People are not, as you might guess, all fresh air and sunshine. Quite the reverse (this theory isn't run on logic but on nerves, emotion, chemistry). Yellow occupies a unique position. Neither a long wavelength colour like red, nor short (blue and green), it is directly in the middle of the spectrum and a concentrate. Putting it rather strongly one psychiatrist has named yellow as "the proper colour of the morbid mind," and it is the choice of two peculiarly contrasting factions, the very simple people and highly evolved intellectuals. The true Yellow Person appears to be neither conventional nor unconventional in the usual sense but so far out of the pattern that new conventions are invented by them, universes fashioned. Yellow was, oddly, Hitler's favourite colour and some of the other people that have chosen yellow seem to come directly from Central Casting: Confucius, Kant, Woodrow Wilson, and Van Gogh, all innovators of special worlds.

ORANGE. Orange is next door to red on the spectrum and packed with the same zoomy emotional content. But the Orange People have more controls and are less likely to overshoot the ball park. Not quite so pulsing, they are better liked, in fact often noted for a burnished charm of manner. They manage situations with more finesse than Red, are a little less open and actually less sincere (the original sincere man's tie, of course, was blue). While the Blue People are the old pros of life, the Orange People are the diplomats. Orange was the choice of one of the most intuitive diplomats of them all, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

GREEN. Green is far out blue. A cool, short-wave colour, too, it's blue beefed up with magnetism and wired for sound. Green People are crazy about words and use them with loving care. Actually they have been compared by Mr. Birren to Freud's Oral Personality which also implies that they are interested in food. They know all about all sorts of cuisine, haute and otherwise, and appreciate nuances in food and in drink, but they eat and drink primarily because it cheers them. Cigarettes are their natural accessories and more than any other group they find it hard to give up this oral satisfaction. Infinitely more outer-directed than Blue, they respond lyrically to nature and are very sharp observers of the social scene. Green

(Continued on page 176)



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Who Are You?

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was the instinctive choice of John Keats as well as of Oscar Wilde, and it was Chaucer's colour. Carlyle described Robespierre as "the sea-green incorruptible" and Francis Bacon, another Green Person, once observed that "the colours that show best by candlelight are white, carnation, and a kind of sea-water green."

PURPLE. Purple is a mingle of red and blue and at the end of the line on the spectrum. This is the colour of people who are out of the mainstream, thoughtful, complicated. It has a certain embarrassing quality for simple souls but the people who make purple their home from home don't care too much what other people think. Like Blue, they are not too sensitive to criticism and like Red they are perfectly willing to break rules when it suits them. These people take logic and play games with it. They add two and two, get twenty-two, and somehow make everybody accept this erratic arithmetic. They lack the steadiness and rhythmic drive of Blue; instead they go forward in large spurts and backwards the same way. This is the colour of a high and unusual intelligence that applies not only to art and literature but to science, business, politics. Wherever it is, it's the power elite.

Which colour is *your* spiritual home? Offhand you may not be quite certain. Tastes change and this can obscure the original impulse, but if you should start a discussion of the colours you are drawn to now and the colours that you have been drawn to in the past you may surprise yourself with what slips out.

Take the case of a subject, lately tested, who reviewed the shades of her this year's clothes and her last year's slip covers but when pressed for her reaction to colour in the abstract answered rather testily, "I *don't* react to colour in the abstract, I only see it in relation to what I'm doing with it; of course, I hate red."

So do millions. Other millions go straight for it. In fact one indisputable finding that has been brought out by testing shows red and blue as the two top colour choices of the majority of people everywhere. Actually the Great Divide that these choices disclose provides the deepest secret pleasure of the whole surmise: a portable system that discovers Instant Allies and the Irrevocable Opposition. This is due to the fact that Red and Blue are electrically opposite. So naturally are the Red People and the Blue People electrically opposed. Permanently. And not all our piety nor all our wit can change those impulses. Thus the invisible Blue-Red Geiger counter can help ease alienation, erase a multitude of guilty feelings, strengthen bonds, and promote personal tolerance (why fight it if behaviouristically we are all stuck?). Just look at a few of the Red versus Blue positions.

In life-style the Red People are representational, the Blue, abstract. Red People are life's amateurs, Blues the old Pros. Blue People are so pulled together they make Red People fall apart. Blue People make a point of being on time; Red People of having very creative excuses. Blue People count the change; Red People missed school the year they taught the multiplication table. The Blue People are cat people; Red People keep lame ducks. The reckless Red People play games to play, they really don't care who wins; Blue People despise losing at anything, and usually don't. A Red Person can sometimes win an argument with a Red Person, but a Red-Blue argument is the kind of disaster this portable system can prevent.

Operating is a little tricky. Some people resist exposing their colour choices but that can be a clue, too. In most cases the ones who opt for Red will be dying to say so. Those who go for purple or green may vary in their attitudes, but they don't fit into this special scheme in any event. Nine times out of ten he who hesitates is Blue. And there it'll be, the life-style line-up; the original original you and the original original them, all there. With a system like this you can see forever.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY



Heady: what it means in the perfume dictionary

What exactly is that word "heady" trying to tell us? Report various dictionaries: Giddy, rash, impetuous, intoxicating, affecting the head. Just so is a new scent, Taji, so singular that its makers have refrained from diluting it with alcohol and have done it up in a form technically called a "perfume oil." A fragrance that seeks out the body as well as the bath, Taji is strong. Not a great mixer, frankly. If you go for it, you go for it down the line. (And there is quite a line: In addition to the perfume oil, there's an after-shower mist, perfumed soap in different servings, and a bath powder.) On an Oriental wave length that has coloured fashion for several seasons now, and to all appearances will colour it for several seasons to come, Taji is for the woman who wants not only to be perfumed but to know definitely that she *is* perfumed. Patchouli, sandalwood, ylang ylang, spice oils, vetivert, and jasmine are all part of the grande cuisine that will help her do this. . . . The arrival of Taji is of interest. The arrival *at* Taji is of significance—first because this new scent, in its almost abandoned sophistication, is an intriguing new direction for its sponsor, Shulton. And when the choice of this particular direction is made by a house as successful as Shulton, there must be, provably, an appetite in America for the heady, lasting, unmissable fragrance. What accounts for this appetite? Our way of living, perhaps. Our need for a scent that can fight its way through the traffic jam at a large party, hold its own in petrol-clouded air, and manage to survive under any manner of reverse conditions—the gusty rush of air one encounters in an open car, in the great outdoors. Shulton's Taji, in its perfume-oil shape, is fascinatingly housed: in a bottle that emulates a diminutive Persian temple complete with, for a cap, a golden minaret.

The Blue Book

Autumn's bright blue . . .
splash of Bristol



Bristol-blue wool coat—slightly shaped, slightly widened at the hem . . . double rows of buttons, count of ten. Small rolled collar filled here with bogus pearls. . . . Canotier of bone kidskin tilted forward on the forehead. Coat by Monarch. About $110. Vendôme jewellery. All: Best & Co. Coat, also Wanamaker's, Phila.; Halle Bros. Emme hat. Aris gloves.

Golden Picasso

(Continued from page 142)

We went into a sunburst of a room, brilliant with whiteness and colour. The sun poured through the slats of the shutters onto a marvellous litter of papers, drawings, posters, early photographs, sheets of lithograph proofs, illustrated books, joke toys, metal sculptures, and every sort of unaccountable bric-a-brac. "Come and see everything!" said Picasso. "Oh, the number of paintings! Sometimes seven a day! Almost as many as you must have photographs!"

We left this crowded sitting room for another, equally crowded and untidy: floor, desk, and tables littered with tied-up bundles of letters, newspapers, pottery, profiles cut out of metal, and stacked canvases. Such a mass that it was impossible to take in more than an occasional detail. Past a dark dining room with the long refectory table covered with parcels, more books and sculptures and pottery, with the walls lined with unframed pictures back to back.

A huge, bare hall was full of stacked, unused canvases and packing cases (pale honey-colour effect). Down to the vaulted hall—when Benjamin Guinness owned the house, the hall was decorated with armour, tapestries, and Italian Renaissance effects—now a cemetery of statues, over-life-size bronze figures, steel abstractions, constructions of wire, painted tin, and metal. The amount of work is truly staggering, but there is always more to be done. "Come—you must see everything—this, nothing."

We then circled a white staircase and came upstairs into one huge painting room after another—each filled with pictures, some still in execution. A smell of Ripolin paint permeated a corner; there were stacks of tins of paint. Through two more rooms filled with new paintings, then out on to a glassed-in terrace with a superb view of the distant purple mountains; the tiled floor littered with canvases, some still wet from last night's work, others—recently discovered—dating back to 1905.

Picasso wandered about

(Continued on page 180)

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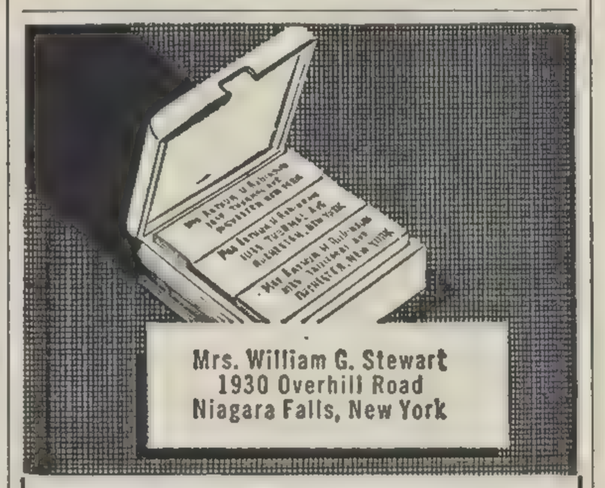
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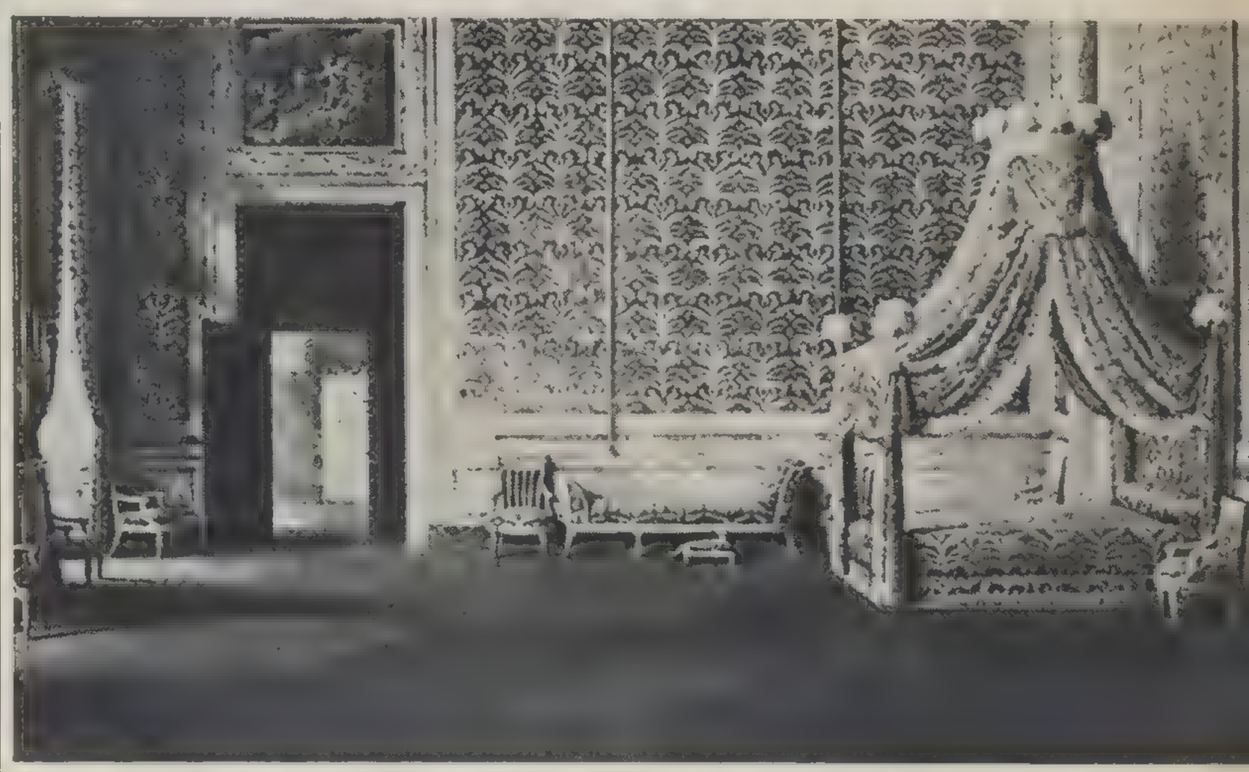
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The Blue house idea



It all began in China with blue and white porcelains . . . made its way to Europe—Marco Polo saw to that—and reached shining perfection in 17th-century Holland. The intimate charm of the world Vermeer painted influenced interiors from that day on. Here: ideas for a blue house . . . some twists fresh . . . some never-before . . . all celestially blue.

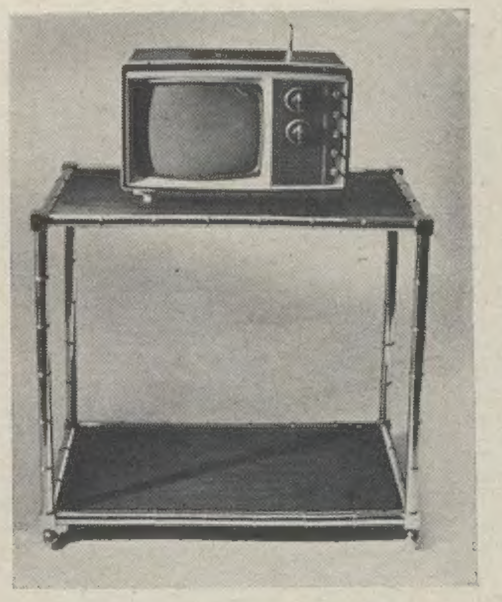
Sketched above: A 19th-century bedroom in the Royal Palace at Casserta from a watercolour in Count Lodovico Lucchesi-Palli's collection. Its blue and white brocade pattern is now hand-screened on heavy white linen for walls, bed, curtains, upholstery. 48″ wide, $13 yd., minimum 10 yds., to order through decorators at Eaglesham Fabrics, 979 Third Avenue, N. Y. 10022. *Right:* 17th-century Delft in a shiny navy-blue kitchen: tiles on floor, counters, even the refrigerator door. Write to Amana Refrigeration Amana, Iowa, for information about custom-made door panels for their models. The tiles (reproductions), 5½″ sq., $2.60 each, Three Centuries, 202 East 56th Street, N. Y. 10022. The herbs, perhaps grown under special lights on a kitchen shelf, add zest to green salads tossed in a reproduction of an 18th-century French shaving bowl . . . by Rigaud; $19.50, at Bergdorf-Goodman, 745 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.10022. *Right:* 18th-century English idea: A mantel garniture of Delft covered jars . . . here, reproductions made for designer John Braden whose living room, shown here, is painted in panels of blue and celadon. The small jar, $45; large, $90; at The Pottery Shop, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. 10020. A joy for winter: the bright blue Icelandic sheepskin rug on the hearth, $95, at Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 10019.





GRIGSBY

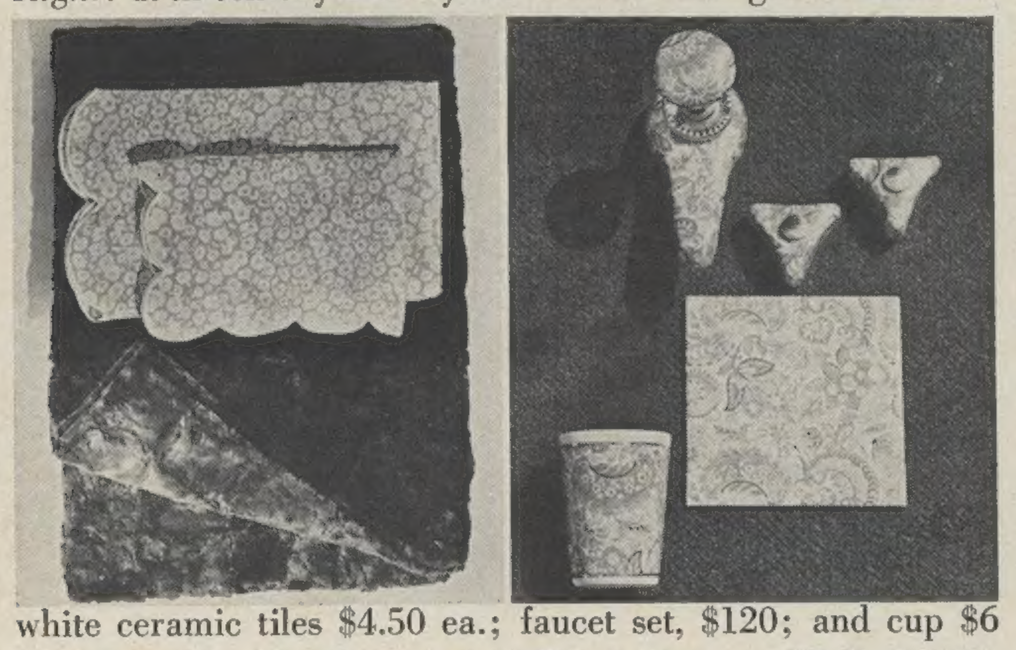
SHOP HOUND



Right: A 20th-century idea: First U.S. portable colour television set . . . 24 lbs., 60 square-inch screen, sturdy plastic case, twin antenna, retractable handle . . . see true blues for about $250, by G.E., in stores by November. A chrome-plated brass wheeled cart brings Porta-Color to the library with dinner, to the bathroom with towels and soap. Inman Cook design, $210, at Great Eastern Furniture Company, 315 East 62nd Street, N. Y. 10021.
Below: 18th-century blues from the Amalienberg pavilion . . . tile design stenciled on a Vicretex panel for a hall or dining room wall. Panel is 36½" x 70½"; $275, by Bishop & Lord, 34 East 39th Street, N. Y. 10017, who will stencil designs on any material you choose.



Below, left: New luxury: lapis lazuli moleskin blanket, velvet-backed, moves from bed to car to chaise in a pampering way. $500 at Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 10019. More pampering, French bed linens printed in tiny blue and white morning glories, scallop-edged and bound in white. Two single sheets, one pillowcase, $140; two double sheets, two cases, $200; Porthault & Cie, 55 East 57th Street, N. Y. 10022.
Right: 19th-century Paisley for a bathroom: glazed blues on



white ceramic tiles $4.50 ea.; faucet set, $120; and cup $6 . . . from Marion Weider, 969 Third Avenue, N. Y. 10022. On the floor, deep blue Outdoor-Indoor carpet of Vectra . . . won't shrink, rot, fade, spot . . . Alan Jay Lerner has one beside his pool. By Ozite, $4.95 a sq. yd. at Altman's, Fifth Ave. and 34th St., N. Y. 10016.



Left: 17-century idea: A square yard of printed linen napkin, Art Nouveau blues; $15 for four. . . . Black-eyed blue sunflower plates of French pottery, $2.50 and $10. . . . All at Serendipity 3, 225 E. 60th St., N. Y.

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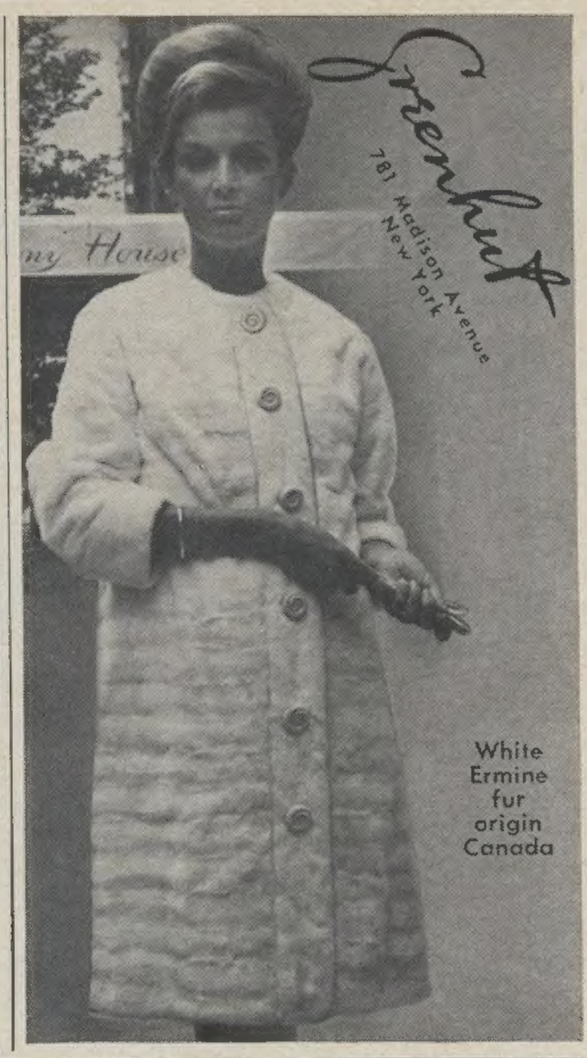
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Golden Picasso

(Continued from page 177)

turning on extra lights with a semi-queasy, semi-amused expression on his face, until in front of the camera he fell into his habitual poses—square on, with wildly staring eyes.

At last, replete and somewhat exhausted, we had made the tour, to return to the crowded sitting room from which we started. The scene represented the attraction of conversation. Picasso was tremendously happy and amused just to sit and talk, without the necessity for drinking. As he sat, he did an imitation of his mother in her rocking chair with her feet dangling, since they could not touch the ground. He preferred the aesthetic effect of the Provençal chair over there, but demonstrated the advantages of his modern swivel chair by almost swirling himself into space.

All Picasso's actions are quick ones: his arms are raised in a jerk, his body, accustomed to moving heavy sculpture, is too nervous and strong to be graceful, and he jumps from place to place like a boy skipping. Generally, when he turns his head, his whole body turns too.

Picasso talked of the advantage of working at night: it is then so quiet, and no one can disturb him. Sometimes it is three in the morning before he stops painting—so he gets up late in the morning: he does not need much sleep but enjoys resting and reading. When someone complained to him about not being able to sleep, he said: "So much the better for you—sleep is a waste."

Picasso seldom goes out from his eagle's nest—not even to the bullfights anymore—he has learned to cut his own hair—for Picasso only likes work; and this house on the mountain top is his entire world. He has already built three new studios, and he now wants to fill a fourth with painting. This, at eighty-four, is not bad.

After four hours it was time to go. Pablo admitted: "I have to paint. Come back again in twenty years, and come back sooner as well."

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